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# The CANADIAN FORUM

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## The High Cost of Loving

► PREMIER DUPLESSIS of Quebec has never been one to let his concern for civil liberties interfere with forthright action against unpopular minorities or people who defy his authority. His docile majority in the legislature can be counted on to give his prejudices the status of law. Usually his victims are sufficiently unpopular that his flexible definitions of justice strike a responsive chord in the electorate. The current legislation against the pulp and paper companies takes advantage of the deep-seated sentiment against "foreign" ownership of Quebec industries and rests on a solid foundation of cupidity on the part of newspaper publishers. By virtue of the legislation Quebec newspapers will receive their newsprint at the old price but, like other kept ladies, they will probably find that virtue has nothing to do with it—the baubles were not really for free.

At the time of writing the bill is being revised to correct "mistakes" before the final debate. This scriptural reinterpretation may result in the deletion of some of the objectionable features mentioned below, but it is hard to see how the economic dependence of the press on the goodwill of the government—the plaint of these remarks—can be avoided without jettisoning the bill entirely.

The legislation was brought in after the newsprint companies had ignored Mr. Duplessis' warning that Quebec newspapers must be exempted from the recent price increases. The new bill freezes the price to Quebec consumers for two years at the old level. Having undertaken to control the price, Mr. Duplessis must also control the supply. The companies are required to continue supplying the newspapers with the amount they used in September, 1955, pending the appointment by the government of a four-man newsprint board with power to allocate supplies. The members of the board are to hold office during "good behaviour" (Mr. Duplessis believes that he was elected to govern). The board will have the power to vary the supply of newsprint to any periodical because of changes in circulation or "any other circumstances" and to determine how much of the total Quebec consumption shall be supplied by the various newsprint companies. The decisions of the board cannot be appealed in the courts and no legal action can be taken to delay them.

Least the power of the government be too circumscribed by specificity, the following blanket provision has been included in the first draft of the bill:

"The lieutenant-governor-in-council, by regulation consistent with the foregoing provisions, may make any suppletive, interpretive or ancillary provision calculated to ensure the fair and effective carrying out thereof."

The irony of this legislation is, of course, that it is much more dangerous for the newspapers whose interests it is

alleged to further than for the pulp and paper companies. The fixed price on the ten percent of their production that is sold within Quebec will not drive any of the companies to the money lenders, nor will the levy to finance the newsprint board distress them unduly. They can feel reasonably sure that the government is not going to use the new powers to jeopardize seriously the province's most important industry. The newspapers, on the other hand, can feel no such assurance about their freedom of expression. Mr. Duplessis has never seemed reluctant to use whatever means were at hand to reward his friends and punish his enemies.

Some observers see hope in the fact that the section of the bill providing for the newsprint board does not come into force until decreed by order-in-council. They infer that Mr. Duplessis is hesitant about taking so drastic a step . . . but how else can he guarantee an adequate supply of newsprint to Quebec newspapers under a fixed price? Regulating the supply by legislative enactment is too rigid to be workable. Allowing discretion to the newsprint companies would give them the same power over the press as the proposed board, and Mr. Duplessis is peculiarly sensitive to the abuse of power by others.

The criticism of the new measure has come mostly from outside Quebec and—if we can judge from past situations involving civil liberties—it will strengthen rather than weaken Mr. Duplessis' following at home. Perhaps the failure of Quebec newspapers (except *Le Devoir*, at the time of writing) to point out the implications of the legislation for their own freedom marks the beginning of a new era of prudence.

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## Demi-Paradise

"He used no memorable phrases, he said nothing new.— But he won universal praise for the way in which he managed to convey a sense of calmness, optimism, decency and competence".

These sentences are taken from the latest in the series of studies of British general elections. To whom does it refer, Eden or Attlee? On internal evidence it is impossible to tell. What is more, it hardly seems to matter any more for, suddenly, the more solid virtues of party leaders are changing or are under attack.

Earl Attlee, calm, decent, competent, has given way to Gaitskell, forceful, intellectual, challenging, a figure of controversy.

And then the voice of the press breathed o'er Eden in wrath and admonition. Too calm, too optimistic, not competent enough, it said; let us have more decisiveness, dash and grip.

It is not too much of a fantasy to see a causal as well as a temporal relationship between the resignation of Attlee and the call for another Eden. It is as though the acceptance of leaders with many of the representative virtues and, seemingly, few of the representative vices were being generally challenged on the British political scene. It is all part, perhaps, of the trend towards intellectuality in British politics. If it is, we must see Eden's plight partly as one of the recurring and local concentrations of criticism to which all leaders are subject and on which he and Dulles can exchange a string of anecdotes. But also it must be seen as a comment on a matter of larger import — the relative value of skill and sincerity in political affairs.

The first part is more easily explained. The Prime Minister is blamed for Jordan's rebuff to Britain over the Baghdad pact, for what Gaitskell called Britain's "profoundly distasteful position" in Cyprus, for the fact that obsolescent British arms had been making their circuitous way to the Arab-Israeli theatre and, most of all, for an allegedly inept handling of domestic affairs. If his opponents are correct, he is planning to follow the increases in purchase tax and the cutting of housing subsidies with the further curtailing of social services and a series of disinflationary measures that may lead to the end of full employment. Whether his own spirited rebuttal and a television appearance can restore his strength, we may know more precisely when the seven pending by-elections have told their tale.

The second and more fascinating problem is highlighted by the personality and talents of Sir Anthony himself. He has always been a man of professional diplomatic affairs, supremely capable of creating conditions of compromise, where *amour propre* may be preserved and where anything so gross as an agonizing reappraisal is just not done. With these skills he has helped to preserve world peace. The Geneva conference on Indo-China, *Life* magazine notwithstanding, was a testimonial to this approach. There Eden sought a solution among professionals by the methods of their calling. It was as near as we can get now perhaps to the maxim of "open covenants secretly arrived at." He was incidentally aided in this pin-stripe solution by Molotov who, if professionalism is called for, can be the daddy of them all, when he will.

Drawn from that arena and thrust into domestic chores, Eden has found that he has no accustomed tools for it and has fallen back upon sincerity.

This should not be mistaken for a remark of easy cynicism. The point is that good intentions may still pave the road to hell unless the appropriate skill is there to show discrimination and obtain results.

Over a century ago when Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington were canvassing for their party's cause, Wellington expressed slight hope that they would win the election.

The reasons he gave were clear: "Peel has no manners," he said, "and I have no small talk". With the spread of the franchise, these two attributes, necessary as they are in civilized controversy, fell into insignificance beside the issues of policy. With the arrival of the mass media, manners and small talk in the modern idiom were again at a premium. But, once more, the wheel has suddenly gone full circle. The public sees beyond the facade. The quotation at the beginning is in fact a description of Sir Anthony's eminently "sincere" TV appearances during the last election. But the impression he made was not deep enough to protect him from wide public criticism at the first sign of crisis. (So wide and public was it that he had to deny officially that he was planning to resign).

We may have reached the stage where sincerity—real or apparent—is finally being given its vital but quite modest place beside the need for rigorous standards and fearlessness. As Riesman says in *The Lonely Crowd*, "the leader's warmth or sincerity is not always important; that depends on the situation. The structure of politics and of the electorate may be sufficiently firm to make it unlikely that an insincere candidate could bring about great evils even if he wished to," and again, "for leadership, the ability to be disagreeable may be more important."

The great hubbub that has raged around Eden could be seen as the coup de grace to that kind of leadership where polish, protocol or the "I-smoke-a-pipe-you-can-trust-me" touch will give way to a lot more frankness in public political behavior.

G.H.

## The Future for France

The London Times called the general election in France a "dusty answer." Could it be any other? What is more important, should it be any other?

Many editorial sermons have been chiding France for her divisions and her constant inconstancy. The significant fact is that France is deeply divided and it would be wrong, even dangerous, to have these deep fissures papered over with the laws of a strong government. The results would be hazardous and much less democratic. France is divided about the state (since the Revolution she has had eleven written constitutions, two Bourbon kings, two Napoleonic emperors, four republics and Pétain). She is divided in her economic structure (there are as many peasant farmers as there are industrial workers; factories and farms are both small and middlemen abound). She is divided in her church because the Reformation did not succeed in France. The testimony to her greatness and strength and culture is that she stays so near to the old Jacobin tradition of a land, one and indivi-

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sible. A system as bad as this one would be unworkable elsewhere. To say with Jules Ferry that "What France needs is weak government" expresses in cryptic form a vital truth.

Accepting as we must these fundamental social facts, French politics remain remarkably stable and continuous. To be sure it is galling never to know who will represent her at the next international conference but the more significant thing may be that she has had no more foreign ministers than Britain since the end of the war.

What of the threats from the extremes of left and right? The Communist strength has changed hardly at all since the end of the war and while the Poujadistes represent a perniciously nihilist position and while the number of their seats is more than expected, they are in the line of right wing authoritarianism that has been a persisting feature of French politics since the early days of the Third Republic. The Gaullists showed a percentage loss of 16.9 in this election compared with 1951. Most of these votes went directly to the Poujade party. But not all of them. The Socialists, the Radicals and the Moderates all showed modest increases in their total polls.

What is more encouraging is that the Gaullists were an anti-parliamentary group of considerable talent and experience but they did not take long to vanish. The Poujadistes, on the other hand are all new on the scene and their members, worthy in themselves possibly (an ex-police commissioner, a hotel-keeper, a printer, a school director, a chemist, seven artisans, two students and twenty-six shopkeepers comprise their parliamentary party) are not men of great experience in affairs of state. When they have had their fling at trying to call the States-General (which should start something), transforming most of the institutions of the republic, and swearing as they have done "not to take a stand on any question without the previous approval of the headquarters of the movement" — when they have tried to do all that from their minority position, one might well hope that, in spite of her divisions, France might be more ready next time, with some acceptable electoral reform, to move to that degree of national union in politics which she possesses in the deeper matters of life. No democrat should be too fearful for her future.

## The Throne Speech

Flaccid is the word for the Speech from the Throne this year. If it is any accurate forecast of government action, then the Liberal administration is getting very weary indeed.

Apart from promising equal pay for equal work for women in industries under federal authority, the Speech contained no surprises. Everyone knew that the government was going to increase its contributions to the Trans-Canada Highway and aid in building the west-east pipeline while the proposed amendments to the National Housing Act to encourage home improvements and slum clearance can hardly be called radical new policies.

It is doubtful that the government's offer to grant loans on farm-stored wheat and pay storage and interest charges on abnormal carryovers will satisfy the prairie farmers who have been demanding cash on the line rather than loans at the bank.

A significant omission was any mention of the appointment of the Canada Council to promote culture. The essence of Liberalism in this country is caution, and this is proof of it. Why risk a row with the provinces over educational rights? Better we should talk about our prosperity and limitless resources.

If the government has any thunderbolts in reserve (and this can be questioned), it has obviously saved them for the 1957 session which will likely be an election year. P.W.F.

## Canadian Calendar

- Immigration into Canada has slumped from close to 200,000 in 1951 to something around 100,000 in 1955. To encourage immigration, the Dominion Government announces that it will make two-year and interest-free loans to all European immigrants.

- The Steel Company of Canada at Hamilton plans a \$70,000,000 expansion program.

- Corporation profits in the first nine months of 1955 amounted to \$2,236,000,000, 22 per cent above same nine months in 1954.

- Ontario had fewer registered as unemployed at mid-November 1955 than the year before.

- On Jan. 10, Premier Duplessis of Quebec introduced legislation that will double the municipal valuation for tax purposes of the Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Co., which has announced an increase in the price of newsprint.

- Canadian steel plants in 1955 produced an estimated 4,400,000 ingot tons of steel, about 1,200,000 tons more than in 1954, and 400,000 tons more than in the previous record year 1953.

- Sir James Hamet Dunn who controlled Algoma Steel Corporation, Canada Steamship Lines, etc., died in St. Andrews, N.B., at the age of 81.

- Wheat has dropped to third from second place among Canada's major export commodities. Newsprint still holds first place but planks and board have stepped into second place.

- The estimated value of 1955's petroleum and natural gas production was \$325,000,000, 25 per cent more than in 1954.

- Canada's pulp and paper output during 1955 was 5 per cent greater than the previous record of 1954.

- Construction contract awards in Canada during 1955 totalled \$3.18 billion, more than \$1 billion higher than the previous record in 1954.

- Business activity in British Columbia soared to record levels in 1955 with an estimated net value of \$720,000,000 in manufacturing. Forestry production was \$591,900,000 as against 501,337,000 in 1954. Retail spending was at an estimated high of \$1,380,000,000, a gain of 12 per cent.

- The new Canadian National auto-ferry Bluenose cut one hour and ten minutes off scheduled time on her maiden voyage between Yarmouth, N.S., and Bar Harbor, Me.

- A record monthly total of 17,365 new dwellings was completed last October by Canadian builders.

- The Stratford Permanent Theatre Fund, dedicated to financing new quarters for the annual Stratford Shakespearean Festival, has launched a national campaign to raise \$984,000. The new theatre, which will replace the present tent, is scheduled for completion in time for the 1957 season. It will preserve the tent atmosphere and will be a steel frame structure, air-conditioned and soundproof.

- Legislation providing for equal pay for women was included in the program outlined in the Speech from the Throne at the opening of parliament on Jan. 10.

- The plays chosen for performance at next year's Stratford Shakespearean Festival are *Henry V* and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.



● An estimated \$66,000,000 a year has been added by the Federal Government to its previous offer of \$457,000,000 to the provinces as their share of national taxation revenue, as disclosed by Prime Minister St. Laurent in parliament on Jan. 11.

● Richard Plant Bower has been appointed Canadian ambassador to Venezuela, and the present minister to Denmark, Herbert F. Feaver becomes an ambassador.

● James Muir, president of the Royal Bank of Canada, told shareholders at the annual meeting in Montreal on Jan. 11, that warning signals are flying for Canadian business. "The first of these", he said, "is obviously the new inflationary pressure built up during 1955. I believe there are definite danger signs, not so much in prices as in the frantic pace of consumer buying, business expansion and the general tightness of markets both in commodities and labor."

● The 2,000,000th television set will have been manufactured in Canada before the end of January.

## Canadian Population Prospects

N. B. Ryder

► THE OUTSTANDING FACT about Canadian population is its extremely rapid rate of growth. The size of the population has been increasing and will probably continue to do so for some time at a rate of approximately two and one-half per cent per annum. The fourteen million enumerated at the last census have already been swelled by two million more and may reach twenty-one million by 1971. These observations and expectations stand in marked contrast to those of little over a decade ago. Then the growth rate appeared to be fast approaching zero. By 1941 there had been three successive declines in the rate of increase between censuses: from 34 per cent in the first ten years of the century progressively downward to 22 per cent, 18 per cent and 11 per cent in succeeding decades. But postwar prosperity has pushed the population past even the maximum point then projected. The evident fertility of the nation has, for the time-being at least, given an old-fashioned look to the talk of incipient population decline and economic stagnation which was so common in the thirties.

Although a reversal of the direction of the migratory flow has contributed to these changed prospects, by far the most important factor has been a reproductive explosion. Throughout the Western world the economic depression of the thirties induced a sympathetic cessation of child-bearing, but the interruption proved temporary. The end of the war brought birth rates which seemed to belong to the much earlier large-family era. Not only was there a relatively complete recovery of births postponed from less economically propitious times, but also couples began to enter the family cycle at much younger ages and thus increased temporarily the proportion of the population in the parental age groups. In every country except the United States and Canada, this "baby boom" now appears to have been a passing phase. Barring a change in the conditions which seem to make the small family an inevitable feature of urban-industrial life, the sole explanation which can be reasonably advanced for the continuing high level of fertility is the persistence of prosperity. Although the Canadian birth rate started to rise shortly after the introduction of a system of modest family allowances for low-income families, the conjuncture was almost certainly coincidental. It seems more likely that improvement in the material wel-

fare of these groups would provide a congenial environment for the adoption of attitudes favoring family planning than that the payments for children would stimulate additional child-bearing.

Although the trends and changes in their vital rates have been very similar in recent history, Canada and the United States nevertheless occupy demonstrably different positions where population growth is concerned. The American growth rate is only one and one-half per cent per annum (compared to less than one-half per cent in the United Kingdom, one per cent in France and West Germany, and our own two and one-half per cent). Only a minor part of this difference is attributable to our more liberal immigration policy. In a basic sense the growth differential is to be explained by the fact that the American population is older than the Canadian. Their birth rate is one-eighth lower and their death rate one-eighth higher than ours, not owing to any fundamental difference in vitality, but because the Canadian age distribution is at a less advanced stage of the great transition through which the populations of the Western world have been passing in the past two centuries. In fact, the Canadian position is virtually unique in the world. Here is a heavily industrialized nation with an admirable level of health, education and income which shares many of the population characteristics of the underdeveloped majority of the world's peoples, including a relatively high proportion of children and a relatively small proportion of old people. Only in some densely settled, semi-colonial agricultural nations does the velocity of present and expected expansion of numbers exceed ours. Yet to them the prospect of immense additions of unwanted millions raises the specter of Malthusian catastrophe, whereas to us a considerable multiplication of the present population affords an opportunity to fulfil our economic and political destiny.

Turning from the long run advantages of population growth to the next twenty years or so, it becomes evident that we must be prepared to pay in advance for this opportunity to expand. Since the war, the number of children has been increasing at almost twice the rate of the total population. This tide of youth is now straining the resources of our elementary school system, and will advance inexorably up through high schools and into the universities. The previous generation, now entering the labor force, which must finance this tremendous educational expansion, is relatively small because it was born when the birth rate was lower. But as these depression babies become parents, the birth rate will again move downward even if present levels of childbearing are maintained as a result of the relative smallness of the group. The business cycle has created a cycle of population growth which will challenge the flexibility of the economy for many decades. Perhaps the most important way of meeting this challenge would be considerably to increase the number of immigrants we are now prepared to receive, and then to reduce the number in ten or fifteen years, thus smoothing out the costly irregularities in our present age distribution.

Some qualification of the conclusions reached above is necessary in view of the range of uncertainty implicit in all population projections. The abrupt swing of our population pendulum from impending decline to rapid growth was unanticipated by demographers because they ignored the dependence of population movements on the state of the nation's economic health. This was true of the gloomy interpretations inspired by the depression; it is no less true of the buoyant predictions based on the current prosperity. In the long run it still seems more likely that fertility will decline than that it will rise, and, in consequence, that the growth rate will become much slower than at present. In the short run, a return to depression conditions is unlikely to be



caused by the demographic developments sketched in the preceding paragraph, although they might play a contributory role, but a depression would undoubtedly bring about a massive decline in childbearing, a cessation of the stimulating flow of immigration, and therefore result in negligible increase or even a decline of numbers. The growth of the Canadian population in the immediate future is conditional upon the growth of the Canadian economy. With this proviso, we should be grateful for the blessing of a uniquely favorable demographic position among the nations of the world.

## Prize Winners

► "KISS OF DEATH, that's what it is," said the young man with straggly red hair. "Anybody got the price of another coffee?"

"Not me. Have you, Thigwen?"

"I have my baby bonus cheque," Thigwen answered doubtfully. "I don't know if I should cash it for this."

"Come on, Thigwen, be a sport. Once in a lifetime we win the Lieutenant Governor's award for our books and what happens? You won't even stand us a lousy coffee."

"Why don't you guys get married and have children? You might be able to treat me for a change. I'm sick and tired of this Thigwen buy us a coffee. Besides I have to take my striped pants back to the Rental. They're overdue now and that's another buck I owe."

"Go ahead, Thigwen, there's a chap. That's right. Once in a lifetime, old boy."

Half propelled from behind, Thigwen was indeed on his way to the counter for coffees.

"Like I said, kiss of death," said the red-haired one. "You should have seen the look on my publisher's face when he heard I'd won the award for semi-professional non-fiction."

"What did he look like?" asked his companion.

"Like he'd seen a Banshee. Weldenthorpe, he said to me, Weldenthorpe, do you know what this means? Ha, I said, pretty good publicity, eh? *A Sunday With The Pre-Cambrian Shield* is goin' to sell like pastrami on rye now, isn't it? And I slapped him on the shoulder. Weldenthorpe, he said to me, are you out of your mind? The last two Lieutenant Governor's prizewinners out of our House stopped selling two days after the news got around. Two whole days it took for the news to get from Halifax to Prince Rupert. But it got there. I'm afraid, Weldenthorpe, he said to me, I'm afraid you're finished. I just can't take that kind of ris—Thigwen! Good scout! Coffee all around, chaps, Here's to us. I was just telling Fackwell here—"

"Heaven's sakes, Weldenthorpe, don't go into that again. We know it doesn't do us any good, why do you have to pretend it does us harm?"

"If you fellows would only settle down," said Thigwen, "you'd have an assured income of X dollars per month per minor dependent. I have no patience with this bohemian



EDEN: "WHAT ARE THE JOB OPPORTUNITIES IN CANADA FOR UNSKILLED IMMIGRANTS?"

attitude. At least you'd have someone to show your medal to."

"I'm sending mine to Mother," said Fackwell.

"But who has Weldenthorpe got? Who?" Thigwen demanded insistently.

"I have a scheme," Weldenthorpe confided smugly.

"It only works for me," he added, as the others leaned forward.

"So alright, tell us," said Fackwell. "But maybe it works for me too."

"Only for me. Thigwen's married. And your mother wouldn't let *you*."

"So what is it? Let us in!"

"As a semi-professional authority on—ah—the subject of my book," he began.

"What is the subject of your book?"

"Never mind. I have been asked (his eyes narrowed with animal cunning) to lecture in several high-schools across the country."

"Sure, we could all get on that circuit if we wanted to, so what?"

"I have been asked to lecture to the students of Brangwin Collegiate Institute and Vocational School. Any guessers?"

"Never mind guessers. Go on."

"Remember who's a student of home cooking and the modern dance there? Ring a bell yet?"

The others were staring at him with more apprehension than understanding.

"Who swam Lake Athabaska from end to end fully clothed in the middle of last January?"

"Why, little Shelagh Brackenbridge, Canada's darling, but what's to do with you?"

"Ever been to one of these deals?" asked Weldenthorpe. "Ever seen the way it's done?"

"Sure. The chump—pardon me, the poet or whoever it is does his little spiel and then he signs copies of his book which is being bought like smoke-meat sandwiches by all the kids that want to pass their English Grade 11. So what if you do sell one to this little grease-ball with the cool crawl, where does that get you? And what if she don't—pardon me—doesn't take English?"

"It's a wonder you guys could cop a literary prize even in this country. No imagination. No initiative. No wonder. Canada—where the writer is a young man from the provinces without a capital to go to."

"You make me sick," said Fackwell. "What you going to do with this little babe?"

"I'm going to give her my medal, you chump. And a copy of my book."

"So you lose your medal, even if you got nobody to show it to, and you lose the royalty on one perfectly lousy volume."

"You still don't see? I give her the book. Listen. I give her the book, she asks me home for dinner, one famous Canadian to another, I meet the family, they're impressed, I wait a couple years so it isn't statutory and I marry the girl. And I get all that money she won for swimming Lake Athabaska, she gets my medal, we have kids to show it to, and just like that. And I'll have time for the one thing I ever wanted, ever *really* wanted to do."

"Write the great Canadian non-fiction novel?" asked Thigwen, looking as if he wanted to.

"Publish a study on deciduous evergreens north of the 49th Parallel?" demanded Fackwell, who just had.

"Naw," returned Weldenthorpe. "Naw and naw and naw. After all, I, like Shelagh Brackenbridge, am red-blooded and Canadian. Swim Lake Athabaska fully clothed from end to end in the middle of January. That's what I *really* want to do!"

ALAN BROWN

## The Dilemma of Foreign Investment

► IN THE PAST FEW YEARS a good deal of comment has appeared on the perennial question of foreign investment in Canada. In part, this interest has been stirred by the large capital inflows of the past five years, but interest has been quickened by the fact that the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects has been looking into some aspects of foreign control of Canadian industry.

What has been happening to foreign investment in Canada? What problems does it raise for Canadians? The broad outlines of the answer to the first question are clear enough. In the period 1946-53 Canadian sources of saving were large enough to finance all but about 5-10 per cent of domestic investment. In the years 1926-30 the shortfall of Canadian sources of saving in relation to domestic investment was something like 25 per cent. But in neither period were all these Canadian savings put into domestic investment—much was invested abroad. As a result, Canadian sources of saving directly financed only about 75 per cent of domestic investment in the period 1946-53, compared to roughly 50 per cent in the period 1926-30. The historical trend to relatively higher domestic financing of investment should continue as Canadian wealth and skills increase, unless government policy with respect to tariffs and other matters deliberately encourages more foreign investment.

Two important qualifications must now be made. First, in the period since 1949, the proportion of foreign financing of domestic investment has increased distinctly, much of it going into the rapidly expanding natural resource industries. Secondly, foreign capital is highly concentrated in several ways, and this concentration has increased since the prewar period. The major part of foreign capital is in industry in general, and some of it is highly concentrated in specific industries. Examples of the latter are automobiles, chemicals, electrical goods, petroleum and a number of mineral industries. More than half of all foreign long-term capital in Canada is direct investment, that is in companies in which 50 percent or more of the voting stock is owned in a foreign country, though there are known instances of minority control. Residents of the United States account for about three quarters of all long-term foreign investment in Canada. Between 1939 and 1952 non-resident ownership of Canadian industry and merchandising fell from 38 per cent to 33 per cent, while that portion owned by United States residents rose from 22 per cent to 25 per cent. Non-resident ownership of manufacturing, and especially of mining, has risen since 1939, while non-resident ownership of utilities has fallen. With the increased tempo of foreign financing in recent years, non-resident ownership of industry has undoubtedly begun to rise.

The substantial foreign investment in Canada has a variety of causes. Some of the important ones have been: the lack of certain types of capital at low cost in Canada, the need to borrow technology, and the desire of companies abroad to develop and ensure sources of supply. Much of the foreign investment in Canada is the result of Canadian tariff policy. The largest capital inflows have been in periods of rapid expansion in Canada; they have permitted us, on balance, to draw goods and services from abroad, and to expand more rapidly than would have been the case otherwise. On the one hand, they have involved many benefits in terms of income, employment and skills; on the other, they have entailed substantial income payments abroad, and foreign ownership and control of much of Canadian industry.

The attitude of Canadians to the consequences of foreign investment is ambivalent. Most Canadians are aware of the need for certain types of foreign capital and of the benefits derived from it. Some are not too proud to suggest that the Ford Foundation's recent grant to universities and hospitals should be extended to Canada. At the same time, there has been some anxiety about the potential danger to Canada's freedom of action arising from the large foreign ownership in some sections of industry, particularly if it should spread rapidly.

There are two extreme approaches to this question. One is unfriendly, and often implies some discouragement of capital inflows. Just how far this unfriendliness is carried depends on the willingness to give hostages to economic nationalism, without regard for consequences. Most people would agree that maximum economic development in Canada will continue to require foreign capital and technology of particular kinds, even when the total savings of Canadians are sufficient to finance domestic investment. However, sometimes it is suggested that foreign-owned companies have the interests of the parent company closer to heart than those of Canada. This view is naive if it suggests that foreign-owned companies should reject the profit motive which animates Canadian-owned companies. It would be difficult to show convincingly that, by and large, the record of foreign enterprises in Canada is deplorable when compared to the experiences of other countries, or that their sense of public responsibility falls short of that of Canadian-owned companies. The environment in which foreign-owned companies operate is generally a compound of the same Canadian law and North American economic institutions in which Canadian-owned companies operate. If they depart from these standards, there are adequate remedies in private economic forces and public policy which fall far short of outright hostility to foreign investment.

But what of the potential political dangers of extensive foreign control of resources? If these have not appeared on a large scale in the past, they are hardly likely to do so in the future. Foreign control, which is presumably greater than data on ownership alone suggest, has been high for some time without having reduced Parliament to an appendage of Congress. Such control is exercised by a large number of corporations abroad and, to some extent, their managements in Canada. These corporations compete among themselves, with imports, and often with Canadian-owned companies. So long as they do compete—and it is partly in our power to see that they do where such is not the case—the question of control becomes much less of a problem, and the benefits of foreign investment much more a reality.

These views, however, should not lead to the other extreme of complacency, and to a failure to think through the issues involved. An example of the latter is the growing pressure in Canada for higher tariffs. Few of those who argue for this appear to recognize that it may well involve more foreign investment in Canada. Yet it is difficult to evaluate some of the issues involved without more information than we have at present. Various D.B.S. publications include considerable statistical material about the extent of foreign investment. Little is known, however, about the processes of control and its effects on many aspects of Canadian life. Many of the subsidiaries do not even issue reports on operations in Canada. There has been no comprehensive private study of this problem since the mid-thirties. How does the parent-subsidiary relation affect our international trade, both with the investing country and with other countries? What are the effects and implications of the parent-subsidiary relation for anti-combines policy? Do those companies which were attracted to Canada because of the tariff still need tariff protec-

tion, and if so, is the tariff protection itself one reason why they cannot compete effectively with imports? Has foreign investment speeded the development of research facilities in Canada, or have these tended to be concentrated in the parent company abroad? Are Canadians of equal skill allowed equal access to managerial functions in such companies? What are the factors which have led to the very high proportion of equity financing from the United States? These and other questions should be asked—some of them concern Canadian-owned companies as well—if intelligent appraisals of the place and effects of foreign investment are to be made.

The historical comparisons presented above suggest that the Canadian record of financing investment is not as bad as some would make out from the large foreign investment which has been taking place recently in petroleum and mining. But it is most important that we should ask whether any factors limit more financing of domestic investment by Canadians. There have been repeated complaints lately that Canadian companies are at a disadvantage in the petroleum industry because of differing Canadian and United States tax treatment of depletion allowances, among other things. There have been suggestions that the equity investments of insurance companies have been limited in part by such factors as the valuations placed on stocks in their portfolios and the legal restrictions on their equity investments. These and other possible taxation effects deserve careful attention. It is frequently suggested that Canadian subsidiaries wholly owned abroad should be open to some Canadian participation in their financing. While control in such cases would usually remain abroad, Canadian participation in financing and the issuance of reports on Canadian operations would make such companies more acceptable. Apart from this, the size of the Canadian market is such that often a few firms form the bulk of the industry. If some or all of these are owned abroad, not only is entry by a Canadian-owned firm difficult after the early stages of development but general Canadian participation in financing is blocked. In effect, such closed companies limit the area of investment in Canada which Canadians, who have the courage to do so, can enter. It must be admitted, however, that in some cases it appears the lack of Canadian participation lies not in differences in technology, know-how, etc. but, simply in the somewhat conservative traditions on the part of businessmen, institutional investors, and the public at large.

We need far more knowledge of the effects of foreign investment than we now have. A frank recognition of our recurrent need for substantial capital inflows should in no way lead to a reluctance to remove any artificial obstacles to Canadian financing. What should be avoided is either complacency about its nature and effects, or any tendency to use foreign investment as a whipping boy. We cannot afford to have our attention distracted by demagoguery from the real issues involved in this problem.

A. E. SAFARIAN.

## Books on the North

► IT IS POSSIBLE to travel half-way round the world at or above the Arctic Circle and find a continuous culture; Eskimos from one end of that strip to the other speak the same language (with slight local modifications) and live in very much the same way. In some places, Greenland for example, where Eskimos have been in contact with people of European origin for a considerable length of time, their customs have been modified to a greater or less degree. And owing to modern communications it is now hard to find any Arctic people who have not, in some degree, been so modified.

Consequently, books about Eskimos in one locality may differ from others concerning Eskimos elsewhere; but if two



such books, written about Eskimos who in the main still follow primitive ways of life are markedly different, the difference will most likely be due to the varying viewpoints, backgrounds, and experiences of the writers rather than to any very great divergence in the ways of the Eskimos.

This point is well illustrated in the two books\* under consideration here. Doug Wilkinson is a young Canadian who, until 1946, had seen nothing of the Arctic or its people. In that year, following discharge from the army, he joined the staff of the National Film Board, and in the next few years directed three motion pictures of Eskimo life on the west coast of Hudson Bay and in north Baffin Island. These experiences generated in Wilkinson an interest in the Arctic and its people, resulting in his desire to become a member of an Eskimo family and live for a year in all respects as the Eskimos do.

While making pictures in north Baffin, he had become acquainted with Idlouluk, an exceptional Eskimo who, although still maintaining the native way of life, had already adopted in addition to Christianity some of the white man's equipment, such as power boats and kerosene-burning primus stoves and, of course, firearms, which all Eskimos now use. He still lived in a house built chiefly of sod, moving into tents in summer, with snow houses for use when travelling or otherwise away from home in winter. Idlouluk's community, consisting of five inter-related family groups, aggregated twenty-nine persons (and seventy-four dogs). Wilkinson especially includes the dogs because, as he says, they are fast eating the Eskimos out of house and home; and every new gadget the Eskimo gets from the white man requires him to have more dogs (an extra one is needed to cart along their Bibles, prayer-books, and other impedimenta of religion, for Idlouluk's group are all Anglicans). The nearest white settlement is Pond Inlet, about seventy miles to the northeast, which boasts a Hudson's Bay post, a detachment of RCMP, and two missionaries: one Anglican, the other, Roman Catholic.

Father de Coccolla was born in Corsica in 1912 and, in 1937, as an Oblate missionary, came to Canada to live among the Eskimos in the Central Arctic, with headquarters at Bathurst Inlet, where he remained for twelve years. *Ayorama*, meaning "it can't be helped", is not a day-to-day account of his own life during his stay in the Arctic regions, but an integrated story, based on observation of the fortunes, customs, and beliefs of small groups of people through the various vicissitudes of life. Beautifully written by Paul King, teacher and writer, with some assistance from King's wife, Suzanne, it is a stark account of the struggle of a Stone Age people against all but impossible odds. Although Father de Coccolla says little about his missionary efforts, he seems to have recognized the futility of replacing indigenous beliefs by others evolved in entirely different times and places.

As a member of an Eskimo household, Wilkinson lived in the same house or tent with Idlouluk, his wife, and children of both sexes. The priest travelling with his Eskimo companions also shared in similar states of intimacy. Wilkinson, however, almost completely ignores any reference to this feature of communal life. With reference to the Eskimo custom on occasion of sharing wives, Wilkinson does quote Idlouluk as expressing gratitude for not having been expected to share his wife's favors which, despite their Christian way of life, he assured Wilkinson his wife would not have refused.

The priest, on the other hand, sometimes found himself in the embarrassing position of having to appear unappreciative

of proffered hospitality, much to the chagrin of the rejected wife and the wonderment of the hospitable husband who found such an alleged preference for celibacy almost incomprehensible.

And that Father de Coccolla is no prude is shown by the following incident: Naoyak had been betrothed as an infant to Kivgalo, son of Krakagun, into whose family she had been adopted at an early age. One evening, when Naoyak was scarcely ten years old, as all in the *Iglou* were preparing for bed, Krakagun said: "Make room for Naoyak in your *Krepik* (sleeping bag), Kivgalo. She will keep you warm. And some day she will be your wife".

"Kivgalo smiled", writes the priest, "but the girl showed no emotion. They undressed and squeezed their young bodies into the boy's bag. Somehow, in those surroundings, it did not seem lascivious or even incongruous".

Some reviewers have criticized him for what they assume to be his giving undue prominence to the apparent nonchalance with which Eskimos take human life, and unless it be remembered that his intention is to show the varied circumstances in which killing is considered not only proper but almost obligatory, it may seem that he has succeeded only in making out the Eskimo to be a gory creature indeed; but these incidents, all differing in circumstances, are gleaned from occurrences spread over a period of years concerning many different groups. On the other hand, Wilkinson lived with only one well integrated group among whom such contingencies were less likely to arise.

Wilkinson's test of his ability to adopt the Eskimo mode of life was to become the equal of an Eskimo as a hunter, which he largely succeeded in doing. Day after day, with monotonous regularity, he, Idlouluk, and Idlouluk's son, Kadluk, hunted for seals either shooting or spearing them according to the season and circumstances. In the winter, he helped them to tend their traps, set for Arctic foxes. The pelts, sold to the Hudson's Bay Company, provided credit for tea (of which the Eskimos drink inordinate quantities), sugar, and tobacco, now necessities to them.

Father de Coccolla held up his end as a driver of dogs and as a hunter or fisherman, but it is plain that he did not enjoy the strenuous life to the extent that Wilkinson did; he accepted it as a necessity, but pitting his strength against the cunning of wild animals or the rigors of Arctic life or terrain provided no great thrill for him.

There is little to show that the priest's efforts had done much to modify the ways of the Eskimos. He does not seem to have attempted to persuade them to refrain from their usual pursuits on Sunday; but Wilkinson approves and sees nothing incongruous in Idlouluk and his family remaining all day in their *igloos*, singing hymns and saying prayers, when, as a matter of fact, the necessities of life often dictated otherwise. For people who must hunt every day and who, even so, manage to fend off starvation only by a slim margin, the loss of fifty-two days' hunting in a year is a serious matter.

Here, then, are two books about Eskimo life, one by a young Canadian extrovert who took to the life with avidity; the other by a priest to whom everything in the Canadian Arctic was alien. Between them they give about as full an account of Eskimo life as any reader might wish—and in the process reveal much about themselves.

Wilkinson, as befits a photographer, has supplied the publisher with twenty-six excellent photographs, of which the latter has shown his appreciation by printing eight in full color, thereby adding considerably to the value and interest of the book. *Ayorama* is illustrated by six full-page drawings by James Houston, who in addition to being a gifted artist, is likewise an authority on Eskimo life. D. M. LEBOURDAIS.

\*LAND OF THE LONG DAY: Doug Wilkinson; Toronto: Clarke, Irwin; pp. 261; \$5.00.

AYORAMA: Raymond de Coccolla and Paul King; Toronto: Oxford University Press; pp. 316; \$4.00.

# Granny

Lee Brian

► "HOW NICE OF YOU to come to the party," Granny said and squeezed Fannie's hand.

"You're not overdoing it tonight, are you?" asked Fannie. "Remember you've been sick."

"I just pray to God that I'll be spared another attack," said Granny. "It started with a quick pulse. It was the night Julie and Mark went to—"

"Well, suppose we have a little chat right here," said Fannie. "Away from the crowd."

"That would be nice," said Granny. "It has been so long since any of the kinfolks came to see me. I'm not complaining. I have learned to be satisfied with my solitude. But it would have hurt Papa to see how neglected I have been."

"Now, wasn't Julie with you practically day and night?"

Granny glanced around. "Is there a draft somewhere? I must be careful about drafts."

Fannie closed the window and came back. "Now what were we chatting about?" she asked. Granny did not reply. "There, I've tired you," said Fannie.

"Oh no, my dear. It's just that I've been sitting here for thirty minutes and no one has brought me a drop of refreshments."

"Oh! I must get you something this minute."

Granny's eye went to the covered dish which stood on the coffee table in front of her. She waited until Fannie left, however, before she removed the lid and selected a chocolate. Then she sampled another. She bit into two other pieces and put them back into the dish before she found a peppermint. When she had finished, chewing it very slowly so that she could prolong the flavor, she wiped her mouth with a small lace handkerchief and waited patiently for Fannie to return.

"I remember you took cream," Fannie said.

"Thank you, my dear," said Granny brightly. She looked at the blue cup and saucer in Fannie's hand. "No cake?" she asked in a small voice. "It's angel food and Julie ordered it specially for me from Hunt's."

"I didn't think you wanted any."

"Dr. Ralston said . . . just a little sweet every day."

"There's a girl slicing the cake. I'll catch her eye."

"That's Fred Lewiston's daughter," said Granny. "She asked Julie to let her serve and all she's done is stuff sweets into her mouth. I've been watching," Granny sighed. "She didn't even come over to ask my health—but then what can you expect. She's had no rearing at all." She took a sip of tea and passed the cup back to Fannie.

"You hardly tasted it."

"I can't drink unsweetened tea," replied Granny. "No, never mind. I won't have you making another trip on my account."

"I really don't mind."

"You're very considerate. You're just like me," Granny pulled her black shawl closer around her shoulders. "Duty before pleasure. You know, my dear, when Papa died I could have moved to the Melrove Apartment into a most comfortable suite, but no, I knew how badly Julie needed me here."

"Not financially surely?"

"Did I say financially? But who has my silverware? And my Dresden? Even my furs—"

"Not the silver fox she wears?"

"Oh that!" Granny made a little face. "She bought it at Neiman's—on sale."

"Even so it must have cost Mark a pretty penny."

Granny smiled. "It's all right, of course." She leaned forward as she spoke and squeezed Fannie's hand. "I'm sorry to

be such a bother, but I must impose on you for some fresh tea." Fannie stood up. "Two lumps of sugar, please," Granny called.

She was alone until Joe Hallam came up. "Any cigarettes around here?" He picked up the candy dish. "Have a piece, Auntie?"

Granny shook her head and watched him select a large cream. "You shouldn't be eating those."

"Righto," he laughed, "but Ilena's got me on a new diet and I'm starved."

"You can't afford to get much stouter. Heart trouble runs in your family."

"You're right," said Ilena, who had just walked up. She sat on the sofa next to Granny. "He's got to lose twenty pounds."

"Hello, my dear," said Granny. "I haven't seen you since—was it before I had my attack?"

"You look wonderful," said Ilena. "Your hair's a beaut."

Granny smiled. "It turned prematurely white when I was thirty-nine. The time Julie had scarlet fever—and I didn't take off my clothes for three nights." She sighed heavily. "So many things—it's a wonder I'm still here."

"Why, Auntie, you'll live to be a hundred." Ilena peered at the candy dish. "Why, Joe, you big pig," she cried. "See, Auntie, what he did to those lovely creams!"

"I didn't, did I, Auntie?"

Granny smiled at him. "The men in your family always had a sweet tooth. Your uncle Harry was an incurable diabetic."

"Let's each have one," said Ilena, holding out the dish.

"I haven't touched chocolates in years," said Granny.

"Why, Auntie, what will power!"

"My generation went through the mill," Granny shrugged. "But that's another story."

"I meant to ask you something," said Ilena. "Joe and I were arguing the other night about ages in the family." She giggled suddenly. "To tell the truth, I wouldn't divulge mine—"

"I'm not that vain, my dear. I'm seventy-one."

"There!" cried Joe. "Pay off, Ilena. Auntie, she bet me five dollars that you were—seventy-eight last birthday."

Granny laughed. "Come now, Ilena."

Ilena flushed. "I was judging by Papa's age. He would've been eighty-one in December, and he used to tell us that he was three years older than you."

"Three?" Granny sounded surprised.

"I remember his saying—"

Granny fixed her eye on Ilena. "Your father was never one to respect facts—God rest him. Not that he didn't mean well."

"I should think he did," cried Ilena, "for all the times he helped Uncle Everett in business."

"It was the other way around," said Granny. "We helped him."

"Look here," said Ilena, "Papa is dead and can't defend himself. But he never took anything from your husband. He wasn't the taking kind."

"I was there," said Granny quietly. "Now I must ask you to please see what's happened to Fannie. My poor throat is positively raw, and Dr. Ralston says that I—"

Ilena motioned across the room to Fannie. Then she said to Granny, "I've got a headache—" and walked away. Joe followed her. Granny was left alone until presently Fannie came back. "You were gone so long, my dear," said Granny.

"Well, Mark stopped me and wanted to know where I stayed in London last summer and how early I'd made reservations—"

"But why is Mark interested all of a sudden in London?"

"Then you don't know that he and Julie were flying over next month? Maybe I shouldn't have said anything."

Granny looked at Fannie. "Next month," she said. Suddenly she snapped the cord of beads around her neck. Fannie started to gather them from the carpet. "No," said Granny. "The maid can find them. She has little enough to do around here, and you'd think there was a plague in my room the way she avoids me." She glanced down. "Besides, they were only costume jewelry. Emma gave them to me." She held out the broken string for Fannie to put on the coffee table.

"Mama," cried Julie, who had just walked up, "isn't it a lovely party!"

"For those who can enjoy it, yes," said Granny. She got to her feet. "Now I must say goodnight."

"But it's only nine, and the doctor says you can stay up till ten tonight."

"Dr. Ralston has never understood my condition," said Granny. She pointed to the crowd in the living room. "Tell everyone goodnight for me."

"Wait," said Julie. "I'll help you up the stairs."

"I can manage," said Granny.

Upstairs in her own room she undressed slowly and sat on the silk bed spread before the mirror, braiding her hair. Then she said her prayers and carefully arranged herself in bed. She must have dozed, for when the door opened she was startled and it was some minutes before she managed to raise herself to a sitting position. "Come in," she called.

"I woke you," said Julie.

"If only I could sleep," Granny sighed. "Julie, I must tell you. I am afraid I have a quick pulse again."

Julie switched on the lamp by the side of the bed. "Of course not, Mama—"

"Please be so kind as to allow me to judge," said Granny. But as she spoke, tears came into her eyes and she turned her face to the wall. "As God is my witness I do not want to be a burden to you," she said.

## Theatre Review

▶ ANYONE INTERESTED in Canadian theatre is bound to watch the career of Tyrone Guthrie's production of *Tamburlaine the Great* with something more than cool detachment. Apart from Antony Quayle as Tamburlaine and Coral Browne as Zabina, the actors (and their number is legion) are all drawn from the Canadian stage, radio and TV, most of them being graduates of the Stratford Shakespearean Festival. Moreover, the production is scheduled for eight weeks on Broadway (starting Jan. 19), and we should be able to see how the talents of Canadian actors (as Guthrie uses them) will strike audiences and critics less sympathetic and determined to be pleased than are local partisans of our culture. As I write this, the production has not yet left Canada, and my remarks are simply based on two viewings (a week apart) of the somewhat under-rehearsed pre-Broadway run at Toronto's Royal Alexandra.

The man who produces Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* for a modern audience has a good many difficult decisions to make. First of all, the play is not one, but two, separate and full-length plays; *Part One* chronicles Tamburlaine's early career, a succession of clear-cut victories, whereby he wins the thrones of Persia, Turkey and Egypt, as well as the hand of "divine Zenocrate"; *Part Two* chronicles his later career, which, whatever its successes, is dominated by personal disappointments (the death of Zenocrate and the cowardice of one of his sons), the escape of his worst enemy, rash and ominous displays of hubris, and finally sickness and death. The producer is faced with a difficult choice. Which play is he going to perform: the sunrise or the sunset? By itself *Part One* is structurally so simple and forthright that any modern

director would need to invent all sorts of subtleties and subterfuges to satisfy his sense of good drama. By itself *Part Two* has some of the defects of a sequel: it is often retrospective and it loses effect if the audience's memory cannot provide a beginning to contrast with this end. The producer's choice is also made difficult by the existence of impressive scenes and speeches in both parts. Faced by the dramatic problems of separation, and greedy to cull all the gems wherever they occur, the producer may incautiously decide to perform a combination of both parts, ruthlessly cut. This has been Guthrie's decision, and it has created as many problems as it has solved.

The problems of cutting and rearrangement have been skillfully met in the Guthrie-Wolfit adaptation. Two episodes are completely removed: the Christian-Mahometan conflict and the story of the Governor of Balsera and his wife, both from *Part Two*. The first of these is interesting in itself, but perhaps the most detachable episode in either part. Particularly brilliant is the rearrangement and combination of scenes in Acts Four and Five of *Part One*. Sometimes the result is too far from Marlowe to be legitimate adaptation. By turning the banquet at which Tamburlaine crowns his followers into a drunken brawl and then splicing it with the announcement of the approach of the Arabian and Egyptian forces (which in Marlowe occurs next day), Guthrie is able to create the brilliant spectacle of Tamburlaine's forces arising out of their drunken stupor and rushing wildly off to battle. If we defend this, we should also be willing to defend Davenant and the Restoration adapters, whose tradition Guthrie follows at a distance. One minor problem created by the decision to turn *Part Two* into a continuation of *Part One* is how to make sense of the appearance in *Part Two* of Callapine, vengeful son of the dead Bajazeth, and prisoner of Tamburlaine. If *Part Two* is just an independent sequel, we have no need to ask how or when Callapine got into Tamburlaine's hands, or to consider that this healthy and enterprising young man might have been a captive since infancy. But when the two parts are combined the question becomes a real one. Guthrie halfheartedly inserts his own references to Callapine in *Part One* and gets rid of Bajazeth's reference to "three infant sons," but this only draws attention to the problem without solving it. He might better have left well enough alone. After all, Callapine later disappears almost as mysteriously as he has appeared.

More important, the decision to combine the plays accentuates some of the difficulties with which their structure confronts a modern audience. Toronto audiences and critics were, understandably enough, nonplussed by the genre of *Tamburlaine* and inclined to patronize it as outside their conception of a well-made play. These plays are stage chronicles with a simple, sweeping structure, not modern dramas of conflict and resolution. They swell and accumulate like a set of lyrical variations, they do not grow in complexity and internal relationships like, say, the development section of a Beethoven first movement. They are revelations. Even individually, they run the risk of cluttered repetition, a risk which is greatly increased when they are performed in succession. For in Guthrie's version only two episodes of any significance have been cut out (rather than just abbreviated). As the doomed, ineffectual kings file past, as the sensational stage props—human and mechanical—are pulled on and off in rapid succession, as opponents keep lining up and hurling indistinguishable threats at one another, as the siege of Damascus in *Part One* is succeeded by the siege of Babylon in *Part Two*, the spectator needs to be beguiled with the utmost skill if he is not to suffer from growing tedium.

Guthrie has not tried to escape this difficulty by making the very best of the poetry or by drawing out the confused



richness in Marlowe's conception of Tamburlaine; he has, on the whole, staked his production on his success in making the external events and trappings fill the eye. In this regard the performances improved immensely during their ten days at the Royal Alexandra. When I saw the third performance, the more spectacular the effects and the larger the forces employed, the more I was bored. The spectacle gradually lost even the virtue of surprise; it remained grandiose, determined, and, ultimately, dull. But, a week later, the action was swifter and more controlled, and ten to fifteen minutes had been cut off the playing time. The stylized patterns of the battles, confrontations, and other scenes involving large forces, seemed far more precise and effortless than before. But Bajazeth battering himself to death on the bars of his cage like a baby in a playpen, the Governor of Babylon strung up on the battlements and pierced by arrows, Tamburlaine flinging a red robe about his son and then stabbing him as if he were giving an inept parody of a bullfight, the rape of the Turkish concubines, the Pirates of Penzance hilarity and pranks of Tamburlaine's sadistic hordes, these things remained ineffective, and sometimes funny rather than shocking. On the whole, the formal and symbolic effects came off; those that strove for literal, realistic immediacy did not. For example, the best thing about the scenes centering around Tamburlaine's king-drawn chariot was the golden, late afternoon lighting that bathed this symbolic chariot of the sun, as the sun-god played out his role of a doomed Phaeton. Strangely enough, the scene which my memory holds on to with the strongest grasp is not spectacular at all. It is the brief dialogue between Tamburlaine and his lieutenants after Cosroe, the new king of Persia, has departed "to ride in triumph through Persepolis." Tamburlaine's thoughts follow the king; he slowly conjures up before his three lieutenants the insidious sweetness of an earthly crown, draws their varied reactions to it and finally unites them behind his plan. The quartet of Anthony Quayle, Robert Christie, William Shatner and William Hutt combined here to realize Marlowe's excellent score and gave us a brilliantly executed concerted number, worthy of a Mozart opera.

In his effort to make the spectacle carry the play, Guthrie is inclined to ride roughshod over the less transient wares that Marlowe has to offer. Certainly the speaking of the verse would never carry this production. Quayle himself is a special case, but in general it is obvious that, with so many bodies and so much equipment to attend to, the spoken word had to be neglected, although such skilful performers as Donald Davis and Lloyd Bochner manage to make something out of very limited opportunities in the parts of Agydas and Callapine. William Hutt as Techelles also speaks well, although he looks uncomfortable trying to make his physique suit a Scythian conqueror's henchman. Barbara Chilcote has something of the presence for Zenocrate, but she seems unable to speak verse with conviction. All her long sentences sound forced and incoherent, as if she was struggling by sheer will power to sustain them to a conclusion. Only in broken phrases (notably in her last speech) does she become really effective. Robert Christie is miscast as Theridamas and seems to be suffering from a throat ailment. William Shatner's brassy and debonair personality, his control of bodily posture and movement have sometimes showed to advantage at Stratford; he can cut a figure with agility and ease. He has to rely mainly on this, and on his ability to project a sense of youthful vitality, because vocally his range and flexibility are extremely limited. His Usumcasane is ape-like, loose-limbed and blessed with an immense capacity for simple, sadistic pleasure. He works hard at the part, but his thin voice and youthful features are a handicap, and at times Usumcasane suggests

the sophomoric rather than the barbaric. I pass over such interesting performances as Eric House's and Neil Vipond's, whose problems are not mainly those of speaking verse, and turn to Anthony Quayle, Tamburlaine himself. He consciously thins down the verse of *Part One*; his ironic delivery of the famous "Nature that framed us of four elements . . ." is typical; even in the soliloquy on beauty in Act Five, he pays so little attention to the rhythm of the lines that by misaccenting the word "quintessence" on the second syllable he weakens one of Marlowe's loveliest passages. In *Part Two*, however, we reap the benefits of the contrast he has been preparing for us. In the death scene of Zenocrate and in the scenes stretching from the burning of the books to his own death, the lines are delivered with the control, flexibility and concentration which they require.

Another effect of Guthrie's emphasis is a narrowing of the framework of the play. Tamburlaine's world, the background of assumptions against which he plays his role, is not as neat a world as Guthrie prefers to give him. In Marlowe Zenocrate miraculously manages to be the mistress of a barbarian, the chaste lady of a knight, and the devoted wife of a bourgeois. But here Zenocrate's chastity and Tamburlaine's insistence on the "rites of marriage" get cut from the last scenes of *Part One*, thereby enabling Herbert Whitaker, to compare her to, of all people, Cleopatra. As for Tamburlaine himself, so inclusive and expansive in Marlowe, so little subject to his birth, he seems much thinner (although certainly more consistent) in this version. As a result, the most famous speech in either part, the soliloquy including the lines "What is beauty saith my sufferings then . . .", is quite irrelevant, a Bartlett's quotation misplaced. It might better have been cut. What has this extraordinary amalgam of courtly love theories on the relation of love and virtue, Platonic sentiments on the necessary shortcomings of artistic imitations of beauty, and medieval commonplaces about the relation of birth to "gentillesse" got to do with Guthrie's Tamburlaine? Mr. Guthrie likes to disarm criticism of the production by referring to its "young-minded author of twenty-three." One ought not to let him get away with this just observation without adding that his own enterprising and valuable production is in some respects simpler and more young-minded than Marlowe himself.

MILTON WILSON

## Film Review

► IN THE FIRST FLUSH of the new year, film critics turn to evaluating the past year's output. Little fingers and minds are busy checking and annotating lists of the 10 BEST and sometimes add for amusement's sake the 10 WORST, the 10 MOST PROMISING STARS and so on. Since stock-taking is of service to the industry and awards are always with us it seems to me that critics and award-bestowing groups might define their terms occasionally and look about them at this growth that has mushroomed and becomes puffer all the time. What is the critic's perspective? Is he seriously trying to evaluate good motion pictures or is he merely referring to the films he has found most entertaining out of a given annual lot? When one year's output is second-rate, why give an award at all? This has been a year when great pictures are conspicuously lacking, though some may feel strongly that one or two rate a solid B.

It is irrelevant what Canadian critics decide are the best films of the year because release dates here are so out of joint with those in the film-producing countries. They range from one to two years behind European and one to six months behind American theatres. For instance, the dilemma arises whether or not to include such films as *A Star is Born*



"BLACK AND WHITE"—JIM EADIE

and *The Country Girl*, each of which vied for the 1954 awards but were released in Canada during 1955.

The superlative films of the year, those that will be relished for years to come for the bright moment of truth or beauty they revealed, are foreign and come from two troubled feudal societies which had reason to search their souls recently, the French and the Japanese. These are *Forbidden Games*, *Wages of Fear*, *Ugetsu*, and *Gate of Hell*. But these films were made as early as 1952 and have all won high international honours previously. While they may be entered freely on lists of "most enjoyable films of 1955" or of "great pictures locally released in 1955", I don't feel they should be included by critics who are going to have an influence in selecting Academy Award winners. The Academy should stick to films produced by American companies and say so. This would save it the embarrassment of considering laudable foreign films which have made their way into commercial U.S. theatres because they are somehow acceptable to American taste. Often there is an award system in the country of origin, and where there isn't it really is of no consequence to the American film industry. Cannes and Venice attempt to give international awards on the basis of intrinsic worth. Acquiring an objective body of judges year after year is another problem of course.

Dismissing foreign films we still have the less "foreign", i.e. English-speaking products to consider. The British on occasion test public and critical reaction by flinging their pictures into Canadian theatres before they appear in the States—sometimes it seems even before their publicity arrives from Britain. When they go on to win acclaim to the south, Canadians may wonder in their own mild way what deterred them from attending when the pictures had their brief run locally. Since Mr. Rank wants our opinions, by all means let us give them to him.

This past year British studios have sent us a small, neat package of small, neat films exhibiting a conservative kind of craftsmanship. No wide screen thrills but rather the homely virtues on homely sized screens. None is a masterpiece but a few are excellent above average fare and do rate a solid B plus. These are *The Divided Heart* and *Romeo and Juliet*. *Lease of Life*, *Court Martial*, *Passage Home*, and *The Dam Busters* all edge over from a B minus to a tentative B rating because of what might be called their mature approach and adult presentation. In other words they reflect the middle-aged virtues, a perennial factor in British films which weighs in their favour in the eyes of middle-aged critics. However, British films currently suffer a lack of creative vigour. This seems a reflection of outlook rather than ability, an expression of contentment, a little weariness and desire to rest on past laurels. The British do semi-documentaries well and so they attempt to apply a semi-documentary treatment everywhere. One result is films which are factual and polished but emotionally uninvolved. We have received a spate of sober pictures dealing with the heroic days of World War II when everyone knew his place, his duty, and his job, and another group of farces depicting the cozy charm of the upper middle classes. An obvious case of wish-fulfilment and the sort of popular nostalgia which voted the Conservatives into power. A twinge of real dramatic feeling does enter however when the movie-makers treat a subject close to the English heart—justice. This is evident in *The Divided Heart*, *Court Martial*, and *The Prisoner*. The latter scarcely aroused any interest in Canada and yet is appearing on many American lists of the year's best. The American public is ready to embrace a film dealing intellectually with Communism and the soul of man while we, snug in the womb of winter, really can't see what all the excitement is about. The British appear to be waiting for another General Strike before they return to making movies concerning the realities of

life in that grey island. In the meantime they are relying for prestige on the recreation on the screen of Shakespeare and current plays. All evidence indicates that these general trends will continue into 1956, dominated by the prospective release of Olivier's *Richard III*.

Moving towards North America, we encounter the products of various Anglo-American unions. It is strange fruit, not completely to the taste of either side of the family—for example, *Summertime*, *I Am A Camera*, and *That Lady*—but with commendable content just the same.

Of most concern to us, simply because it forms the bulk of material in our theatres, is the output of the American studios. Interestingly enough, *Marty*, the film appearing on most lists for top honours, is an independent production belonging to what might be termed loosely the Eastern school of neo-naturalism. It is the most finished picture of the year, dramatically and pictorially, a tidily conceived instance of the universal desire for love in this shallow urban age. But it is not a great film, merely a solid B; the ends it seeks are small and too easily achieved. However, it is set apart from the mass of films at present because those ends are worthy: a valid depiction of the aspects of love is rare in movies these days. Other films that have the same honest characteristics are *The Little Fugitive* and *The Phenix City Story*, again independent productions. In my estimation they are as good in their way as *Marty* is in its. All three films reveal a small moment of truth about the American scene in truly American terms. All reaffirm the value of the individual in contemporary society. *The Little Fugitive* is the slightest and most charming, a day in the life of a little boy enhanced by a poetic camera lingering on the nuances of light and shadow from morning to sunset; *Marty* is a tender Maughamish story acutely illustrated with sociological detail; and *The Phenix City Story* is something that lurches between documentary and Elizabethan tragedy. It underlines the basic American political ethos that the welfare of the republic is the responsibility of the individual citizen and depends on the moral use of his power. Force is the temptation that besets him — perhaps this is a clue to the preoccupation with violence in recent American films. This movie, for instance, is strewn with enough corpses to satisfy a Tudor audience. I liked its candid portrayal of an average young American family and the denizens of a small Alabama town. Altogether a forceful piece of Americana that should be rushed into the library of the Museum of Modern Art.

The quality of the largest group of films, those which come from the major studios, is, sad to say, consistently B minus. The wide screen is a monster yet to be mastered. The movies from this group most often appearing on critic's lists following *Marty* and excluding *The Rose Tattoo* which has not yet been released here, are *Mister Roberts*, *The Desperate Hours*, *The Bridges at Toko-Ri*, *Bad Day at Black Rock*, *A Man Called Peter*, *Summertime*, *East of Eden*, *Oklahoma*, *Guys and Dolls*, *It's Always Fair Weather*, *Trial*, and *Not as a Stranger*. Most critics seem to have drawn up qualified columns adding the particular strength of each feature in brackets — very backhanded compliments indeed. On reflection these films have in common an element which is one of the most predominant characteristics in American culture, moral earnestness. Last year's heroes, heroines, love affairs, adventures, war pictures, crime pictures, cowboy pictures, and Indian pictures, were all earnest, earnest, earnest, and true-blue through and through. The few musicals were vaguely sociological or autobiographical; comedies and comic relief were heavy-footed or non-existent. Glen Ford kept turning up in movie after movie facing tremendous problems with the white-hot look of do-good fervour burning in his eyes. Women in the grip of passion were worried, worried, worried. Male leads from Burt Lancaster to John Wayne had been



cued to imitate Richard Todd's portrayal of Peter Marshall. Even "arty" pictures like *Night of the Hunter* overflowed with moral intent and atmosphere. Evidently this is a serious era we live in and the great American public seems prepared to view it in that light.

JOAN FOX.

## NFB

Strike in Town ..... 16 & 35 mm. 38 mins. b&w  
The Hoax ..... 16 mm. 30 mins. b&w  
Jolifou Inn ..... 35 mm. 11 mins. color

► THE LATEST FILM in the Board's series dealing with trade union procedures is not accurately titled. There is no strike in town, because an agreement is reached at the eleventh hour between union and management. This picture is set in a furniture factory, the only industry in a small town and the largest employer of labor. The annual contract is about to be renewed between the company and the union local of the International Wood Workers of America. The workers want a nine-cent wage increase and a factory-wide seniority system.

The head of the company (persuasively and convincingly played by Howard Milson) does not agree to the seniority demands and long-drawn out negotiations begin between labor and management delegates. Concessions are made on both sides until a deadlock is reached and the case referred to a conciliation board. The union does not agree with the decision and votes to strike. At the last minute the company and union representatives come together with the mayor and make their final offers, resulting in an agreement. The strike is cancelled to everybody's relief.

Written by Morten Parker and Ian MacNeill, this picture makes an earnest attempt to dramatize the subject (complete with John Drainie as off-screen narrator), but it is all too obvious that the events have been carefully contrived as to avoid deep issues and dramatic conflict, and to present everybody in a fair light, each with an equal amount to win or lose from the situation, and with everybody and all things carefully weighed and balanced. It is pointed out that the workers will lose thousands of dollars in wages in the event of a strike, and we see that the harried owner will lose an important contract if a strike prevents delivery of furniture. Going into family life we are shown a father and his married son: the father is a true-blue union supporter, but the son, thinking of his wife and family, is dubious over the value of a strike and votes against it.

None of the issues raised, however, have to be faced because the strike does not materialize. They are not exactly evaded I suppose, because it could happen this way, leaving many things unresolved in the minds of the individuals concerned. But the film leaves one with the unsatisfactory feeling that the situations are patently drawn. The picture is well-directed by Leslie McFarlane, who frankly conveys the drab greyness of a small town in winter snow, the monotony of factory life, and the behavior of workers at strike meetings and on the assembly line. (Watching them at work explains why so much new furniture falls apart so quickly.) But this observation is superficial; there is no real feeling for the people and their environment as in *The Whistle at Eaton Falls* and *Salt of the Earth*. The performances and the editing (the latter by Fergus McDonnell) are good, but there are long takes at long-table conferences which could have benefited from camera imagination.

*The Hoax* represents an important but short-lived experiment on the part of the NFB. It is short-lived because the Board has not the courage to tread this new path firmly and give the new idea a chance to develop. The idea was in

allowing director William Davidson, and writer Norman Klenman, with cinematographer Robert Humble, to make a "story" film (or an acted non-documentary, a feature in miniature) in the town of Perth.

On a ridiculously low budget and on 16 mm. stock, Davidson made a 30-minute picture from a story by Klenman showing how an eager young newspaper reporter in search of a story exposes as false a skull in the local museum, thereby discrediting the hard-working curator and prejudicing the local council against granting funds for the maintenance of the museum. The visit of a museum official from Ottawa, who speaks well of the local collection and of the curator, sets the town at rest; the young reporter learns a lesson in restraint.

This enterprising attempt is particularly well-photographed and does have a feeling for place and subject. Unfortunately, the story often drags, is not too clearly defined and portrayed, and uses non-professional people in such a way as to make them seem comical and stuffy characters, and, in some instances, like fugitives from an English B picture. The girl takes her part well, as does the youth playing the young reporter.

*Jolifou Inn* is a delight from beginning to end. Consisting simply of the photographed paintings of Krieghoff, who currently seems to be the rage, it was intelligently written, devised and directed by Colin Low and filmed in clear natural colors by Lyle Enright. Examples of the artist's work are shown and related to his life in early Quebec. Accompanied by a lightly-written and appropriate score by Louis Applebaum, the production is never pretentious or over-dramatic but brings Krieghoff's work vividly to life in a sensitive and wholly engaging manner.

Films from the United Kingdom Information Office (one or two reels in length and distributed to film councils by the NFB): the loss of the Crown Film Unit seems apparent in this block of films, which have little to recommend them. They appear indifferently made and are dull to watch. *London Scene* is a drab account of a typical day's activity in London; *Outward Bound* shows how boys undertake character-training at the sea-schools of Esqdale in Cumberland and Aberdovy in Wales (the latter school is much better described in a feature film called *The Blue Peter*); *A Woman's Story* shows how a married woman with time to spare joins the Children's Care Committee; *The Troubled Mind* deals with the work of nurses and doctors in a mental hospital and is similar to the NFB's *To Serve the Mind*. The beautiful Adrienne Corri takes the part of a nurse, and her sympathetic portrayal provides the film with much of its appeal.

GERALD PRATLEY.

## Turning New Leaves

"Sigmund Freud at the age of 45 had attained complete maturity." In such brave fashion the second volume\* of the Jones biography sets out, embarking upon the exploration of a subject unique in biographical literature. For if the biographer's claim is not substantiated by the events described in the ensuing text, the knowledge that permits some scepticism is derived from the subject himself. At first glance the claim seems as silly as any ever made for a hero. And indeed it would be easy to detect from page to page evidences of immaturity in Freud the man. His identification with the great figures, Moses, Hannibal, Leonardo; his loneliness in solitude, his somatic disorders, his fear of exposure, his need for power over persons, his twenty cigars a day—any psychoanalyst could make a rich case history of Freud. Often,

\*SIGMUND FREUD, LIFE AND WORK, VOLUME II, YEARS OF MATURITY, 1901-1919: Ernest Jones; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 333; \$6.25.

### *Hare Tracks in Winter*

Sometime,  
When I and the rest of the world  
Were thinking of other things,  
A hare loped across the snow  
And left behind  
His irrevocable track.

Like rubber stamps  
Thumped down at certifying intervals  
The prints spelled out  
His purpose and identity:  
A long gap was a straining leap,  
Sprung by some sudden streak of hawk  
Or windblown bark of dog,  
Loops and curls  
Tumbling over the snow  
Like dripping milk were  
Frolickings in moments snatched  
And flung away again.

Like measured taps  
On some small drum  
His trail beaded about the woods.  
Through wiry thickets,  
Under lusty spruce,  
It unwound over the snow.  
Like a string tossed down  
With both ends out of sight  
It led off teasingly.

Over bearded hills  
Under a blanket sky,  
Sprinkled tracks  
Dotted the stolid forest  
In an unacknowledged  
Redemption.

*J. D. M. Brierley.*

### *The Last Day*

*(For Virginia Copland)*

The world has grown much older in a day.  
Wise men said there could be no other way  
As seated in small rooms they talked of sin;  
The night became as cold as cold had ever been.  
Young men were gone now from the ancient city  
Where saints were once made of pity  
For the awful grief of God. The women cried  
And walked along old broken roads. Inside  
The Cathedrals there was not a sound  
Except for what the painted saints recalled  
Of music and of mumbling. There had been talk  
Of war and peace. Written on stone with chalk  
Was "Make Peace With The Lord. Your Day Has Come."  
"Sal, meet me at Jim's. We'll have some fun."  
But prophets were wrong. No war ever came.  
Things just went on day after day, the same.  
We hated quietly and slept quite well—  
Each one saw his brother doomed for Hell.  
Now the city is an empty place.  
There isn't one kind or familiar face.  
The end has come in whispers. No one's dead.  
The silence is because all words are said.  
The world has grown much older in a day.  
The stage forgets the poorest or the greatest play.  
Only the wise are left and the wise have never known  
What all the loveless wisdom of the years has sown.

*Alex Austin.*

### *Romance*

All they have said of Today is true.  
I have written a new mouth  
And my kisses taste of varnish.  
You, hurrying to meet me for a space between mark and  
mark on a clock's face,  
Are covered with synthetic fabrics, woven on power looms  
and fastened with plastic zippers.

Oh, take my hand  
And feel  
While side by side our heels clatter on the concrete,  
The tiny arteries within my wrist  
Flowing and ebbing  
To the beating of your heart.

*Nacella Young*

### *The Clown Washes His Face*

Hurrying tentacted laughter into the frost,  
The comic totalled up a lifetime's trade,  
Taken from nowhere, digested like water,  
Cheap as the sipping of weak lemonade,  
A soul's tricklings, as funny as snow.

Supple his limbs in the cold of the spring,  
He washes in miracles of water love  
This serious side of a midmorning clown;  
This body bending like willow towers above  
Its pastry image in the basin scum.

Sad, Immediately sour with his soul,  
He rinses and startles a child awake;  
Under his skin the creator excuses his art,  
Smooths out his portion of dimpling grace,  
And laughs in love at his wobbling face.

*John Bruce.*

### *Lithograph of Indefinite Origin*

Two damsels armed with lutes and one with a fan  
Of peacock feathers watch the dainty young man  
(One of the Stuart boys?) sedately twirl  
His on-her-toes but back-to-artist girl  
In—isn't it an Anglicized gavotte?  
At any rate, the Lord Protector could not  
Have viewed, except with a Puritanical frown,  
The red-as-a-harlot's, velvet almost-gown  
From which the fairer lutist's shoulders rise  
So scenically. We may all surmise  
That talents such as hers, so curved, so cute,  
Won't be forever wasted on a lute.

This, then, is the naughty Restoration. Yet  
What English gardener contrived to get  
A palm to flourish in that urn upon  
The balustrade that circles so much fun?  
An outdoor palm? In England? And who made  
The marble lion lounging in its shade?  
No British tabby this but an inferior  
Descendent of the griffins of Assyria.  
Also, I cannot long evade the thought  
That dogs worth any sodium chloride ought  
Not find their masters' frolics quite as boring  
As has this languid, tactless mongrel, snoring  
Upon the toes of lutist-not-so-fair.  
Girl strums at once blithe music for a pair  
Of dancers and a lullaby for pup?

I'm sorry that I brought the whole thing up.

*John Nixon, Jr.*

when Jones praises an act or an attitude, the reader, his Freudian spectacles well polished, is apt to see something else, the antics of the barbarous *id*, where Jones has seen only the dignified stride of the mature *ego*.

Yet the book makes its case. Freud the man, Freud the discoverer of the structure of the unconscious, Freud the founder of the psychoanalytic method, Freud the leader of the Freudians and the opponent of the deserters, Freud the doctor, Freud the writer, Freud the discoverer of facts so unpalatable as to arouse universal hostility, Freud the master mind of the first psychic discovery since the Greeks. Had he been completely well adjusted besides, he would have been a demigod. It is obvious that Jones almost considers him that.

Not that Ernest Jones is only a hero-worshipper. His detachment and restraint are marked. As a colleague and friend he is personally involved at every point. Yet he keeps the record clear. It would be possible to devote considerable space to Ernest Jones as he emerges from these pages. His remarkable achievement can scarcely be overestimated. He has had to deal with a mass of material almost unprecedented in biographical study. He must have sifted and resifted it, arriving finally at the kernel of importance, not without effort, intelligence, courage and imagination of the highest order. Let the words already applied by many to the achievements of the first volume serve for this, "skill, honesty, candour," "painstaking, masterly, loving." Fault might be found with his style which at times is awkward. But why expect of the psychoanalyst a great prose style? The expectation is perhaps encouraged by the example of Freud himself, who was a great writer. Jones puts it this way. "Freud had a very special gift for exposition. What wins one's admiration is not only his quite extraordinary power of marshalling in simple phrases the most complex material. Nor is it his beautiful command of language, with its feeling for the not just, though its Viennese grace and flexibility add greatly to its charm. It is above all the candour and simplicity of the writer."<sup>1</sup>

The idiosyncracies, even the normal biographical facts, which are interesting enough (Freud wrote far into the night after eleven or twelve hours of work with patients) become insignificant in comparison with his thought. It is tempting to the reviewer to exploit the book, retailing point by point Freud's developing theory, to write in fact another book. A part must do for the whole, Freud's description of the work of the mind. In 1915, he summed up in twelve essays, only five of which remain, his ideas up to that time. These are contributions to theory, "metapsychology" as he called it. The first essay deals with instincts (*Trieb*), giving them a frontier function between the mental and the physical, naming the two basic or "primal" ones as the *ego* and the sexual, describing their unhappy fate when blocked, and accounting in this way for a phenomenon long noted by the poets, the conjunction of love and hate, and for the less known but equally ironical fact of the transformation of anger towards others into anger towards the self. The second essay describes the structure of the unconscious and its relations to consciousness. Jones here has compressed and elucidated the complex material with great skill. It is, he says, Freud's most fundamental contribution to psychology "since the *Interpretation of Dreams* fifteen years before."<sup>2</sup> The topography of the mind is seen as tripartite; the unconscious, containing both repressed material and perhaps also some of the original dynamic material later emerging in consciousness as concepts; the preconscious containing material recallable, as in the unconscious it is not; and consciousness. Topography or

structure he suggests cannot be understood without two other basic notions, the dynamic and the economic which together determine the nature of a particular neurosis, as though the *ego* coping with massive drives finds what outlet it can and represses the others in the interest of survival. The special characteristics of the unconscious system are its obliviousness to any sense of contradiction in incompatible ideas, its ability to condense and displace feeling from one idea to another, its total lack of a conception of time, and its detachment from outer reality which is replaced by a sense of psychical reality. Evidence is given of the immensely complex inter-relationships among the parts of the mind, and the interesting conclusion drawn that "the essential distinction between the unconscious system and the preconscious and the conscious systems is neither the forging of new impressions of an idea in another locality nor any functional changes in their cathexis on the same spot, but the addition in the higher systems of a verbal concept to the more concrete one present in the unconscious."<sup>3</sup>

Three other papers, one on "Repression," one on "Theoretical Conclusions to be Drawn from Dream Analysis," and one on "Mourning and Melancholy" show Freud's increasing confidence in his conclusions, and a mastery of the aetiology of the psychoses and neuroses, material hitherto almost totally obscured by innocence. Indeed, Freud going, so far as I know, in his personal identifications only as far back as Moses, might well have seen himself as Adam, first (after Eve!) to eat of the fruit of the tree of the *knowledge* of good and evil. It is not much wonder that his contemporaries saw him as a madman if not as a criminal. Jones puts it this way. "Imagine meeting a race of beings whose minds were timeless, had no conception of a negative, were quite insensitive to contradictory juxtapositions and who expressed themselves by the curious devices of displacement, condensation, primitive symbolism and all the other mechanisms with which Freud has made us familiar. How many investigators in that situation would have ventured to think it possible to read sense into such a meaningless farrago? Moreover, with the material in question, that of dreams, neurotic and psychotic phantasies, etc., he had been assured beforehand by all authorities that it was by definition devoid of meaning, being the jumbled product of disorder in the organ itself of meaning—the brain; after all, Freud had been educated, not as a psychologist or mythologist, but in the tenets of orthodox neurology. Undeterred by this bias, however, Freud determined to examine the facts themselves and let nothing but their evidence influence his conclusions."<sup>4</sup>

One of the ironies in reading Freud's biography is the number of times the reader finds himself saying, "Didn't he know that? Why I've known it for years", only to realize that he has known it directly or indirectly from Freud. Apart from the technicalities of psychoses and neuroses, and the layman is not competent to assess these, there is described here the development of the architect's blueprints of the buildings in our own psychic landscape. Freud's works in the period are described in detail in seven chapters, *Expositions, Contributions to Technique, Clinical Contributions, Case Histories, The Libido Theory, Contributions to Theory and Non-Medical Applications to Psychoanalysis*. The last of these contains some of the most famous works, the *Psychopathology of Everyday Life, Totem and Taboo, The Moses of Michelangelo*. There are others lesser known but indicative of the extraordinary range of his interests: *Psychopathic Characters on the Stage, 1906; Obsessive Acts and Religious Practices, 1907; Delusions and Dreams in Jensen's Graciosa, 1907*, the first published psychoanalytic study of a novel,

<sup>1</sup> p. 235

<sup>2</sup> p. 360

<sup>3</sup> p. 364

<sup>4</sup> p. 472



(Jones calls it one of the three "charming" books of Freud, the other two being *Leonardo*, 1910, and *The Three Caskets*, 1913); *The Occurrence in Dreams of Material from Fairy Tales*, 1913; and various papers such as the studies of the characters of Lady Macbeth and Rebecca West in Ibsen's *Rosmersholm*.

The famous case histories, "The Case of Dora," "Little Hands," "The Man with the Rats" are told within the context of Freud's developing theories and his relations to colleagues, their agreements and disagreements, and in connection with the Case History of an Infantile Neurosis, the defection of Otto Rank.

Many readers will find the history of the psychoanalytic movement the most interesting part of the book. Here the great names appear — Jung, Adler, Otto Rank, Ferenczi, Brill, Jones himself, Abraham, and not only names, but also illuminating biographical studies. Among the photographs is one of the Weimar Congress of 1911 where forty or more of the first group of psychoanalysts are shown looking like very normal 1911 adults, though all of an age because, in the case of the men, of the almost ubiquitous beard and in the case of the eight women sitting primly in the front row, of the almost sedate dresses. It seems that the current impression of the orthodox analyst as analyzed by someone who was analyzed by someone who was analyzed by Freud is mistaken. Freud welcomed any qualified medical man who subscribed to his views and proposed to practise his techniques. He was, in fact, pathetically grateful for such colleagues. Jung was a particular triumph, not alone for his own brilliance but as a Swiss. Jones tells the story of the first apostles and the subsequent withdrawal of many of them, with the loving care of the loyal friend and colleague he was. If Freud comes off best that is only to be expected. Jones, later, in his character analysis of Freud admits that he was a very wilful man. He had to be right. Freudians will believe that he generally was right, but psychoanalytical material is by nature explosive and explosive personalities are thus attracted to it. The wonder is that in those early days there were no critical scenes of violence. When Adler and then Jung finally withdrew, their desertion almost broke Freud's heart but the separations were effected without war, and the two other giants went their own ways to develop splinter-Freudianisms that were to prove painful and probably necessary critiques in subsequent history. How much the conflict between the Viennese Jews and the Zurich and Berlin gentiles contributed to the division, Jones assesses with sensitivity. His analysis of Freud as a Jew and what that fact meant for psychoanalysis is a moving study in itself.

One event in the early history comes close to home. Freud visited America in 1909, invited by Stanley Hall, President of

Clark University. His lectures delivered at that time have often been published. About them, the Dean of the University of Toronto, where Jones was lecturing at the time, wrote, "An ordinary reader would gather that Freud advocates free-love, removal of all restraint and a relapse into savagery."<sup>5</sup> Ernest Jones soon made his escape from Toronto. Freud valued highly his American colleagues but he disliked America and thought it had given him permanent indigestion. It is ironical that the psychoanalytic movement has since found a spiritual home on this continent. Perhaps the explanation is found in a story Jones tells . . . "when he read a paper on his (Freud's) theory of dreams before the American Psychological Association of 1909 he mentioned the feature of egocentricity, whereupon a lady rose and indignantly protested that it might be present in Viennese dreams but she was sure American ones were altruistic."<sup>6</sup>

Looking back over the book, scores of points cry for mention—the brief analysis of Gustav Mahler, Freud's extensive summer holiday travels, his love of Rome, his concentration on the Michelangelo Moses, his own austerity, his attraction for both men and women in spite of a wall of reserve, his dependence on and derogation of women, his love of antiquity and his vast learning, the miniature statues on his desk, the sting in his tongue even for his friends ("if Jones behaves in this diplomatic manner much longer we shall lose him to the League of Nations"),<sup>7</sup> Jones' tentative analysis of Freud's relations to his mother and to his step-brother. But this is the biography of a great subject by the only living person competent to do it, and probably you should read the book for yourself. JESSIE MACPHERSON.

## Books Reviewed

DYLAN THOMAS IN AMERICA: John Malcolm Brinnin; Little, Brown & Co. (Canada) Ltd.; \$4.25.

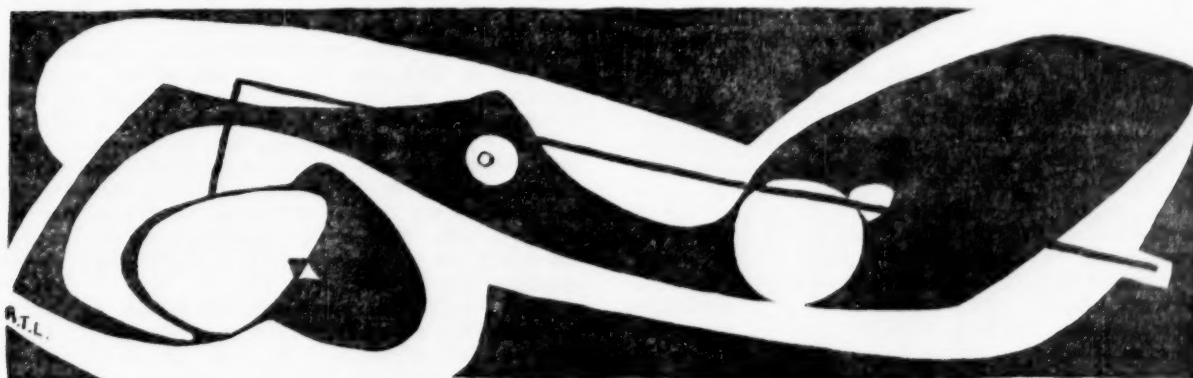
This is a most embarrassing and distressing book. It is embarrassing because the events it recounts are probably true. It is distressing because the recounting is so unnecessary and the truth so partial. In a year when the ultimate digestive act of an American president was front page news it should not, I suppose, be surprising to find the vomiting spells of a fine poet up for sale.

There was a Victorian prudery that simplified life by ignoring a certain class of events. There is a worse modern prudery that can take everything in its stride in conversation but is profoundly shaken on encountering any experience that is truly apocalyptic or honestly obscene. And yet we also

<sup>5</sup> p. 63

<sup>6</sup> p. 67

<sup>7</sup> p. 454



"DESIGN"—RICHARD LAMBERT

have with us the irresistible urge to publicize; so that here is a book by a young American shaken to have known a real poet, shaken out of any sense of taste or proportion he may have had, but driven, by the great North American urge, to write it *all* down.

John Malcolm Brinnin was involved in Dylan Thomas's reading-tours of the United States and saw him as well in London and Wales. In the American scenes of the book we are carried from bar to bar, from hangover to hangover, and shown the poet's taste for alcohol pandered to by all the literary hangers-on and celebrity-hounds that enrich their lives with such occasions. In Dylan Thomas's boisterous train follows Brinnin, like an anxious governess after an incorrigible little prince whom she must attend without correcting.

The prince occasionally is abject over his misdeeds, but his repentance must, we feel, be laced with inward laughter, for he lives with a regal totality that nanny's corseted view of life can never attain. What is left for nanny but to write a memoir of three years in the palace? The memoir will be full of diapers, bedpans and safety pins. It will recount the lispings of naughty words and precocious raids on the royal cellar; but it will miss the first kingly gesture, for nannies are not meant to see such things.

There was, of course, an occasional attempt to impose the nursery morality, with its prissy protocol, on his unruly highness.

Meanwhile the Biddles had gone to Bermuda, leaving Dylan alone in their big house except for servants. Their absence was an advantage he could not resist. Before leaving his room he opened the drawer of a highboy, lifted out several shirts belonging to one of the male Biddles and stuffed them in his bag. As he came downstairs grandly smoking a cigar, the Biddles' housekeeper, who had taken a special fancy to him, waited to say good-by. "Well," Dylan said, "here goes another of your rich visitors." "You are not a rich man," she said. "Oh, *aren't* I!" said Dylan. "Just what makes you think that?" "Because," she said quietly, "I did your laundry." "As we got into the car, Dylan made no secret of the purloined shirts. I told him it was absurd to steal from the Biddles, that we could buy him other shirts tomorrow or the next day, and that the whole thing was silly and childish. But no, the shirts stayed in his bag. When, inevitably, his theft was found out some weeks later, the Biddles told one of my Washington friends that they hoped only that the shirts he had taken were of a proper fit."

While the expropriation of shirts would be rightly inexcusable in a Brinnin or another Biddle, the thought occurs that no Dylan Thomas, no Gully Jimson, would tell such a story on a recently dead "friend" or even acquaintance. Nothing enrages a conventional man more than the suggestion that the artist is somehow exempt from ordinary ways of judging actions.

Yet a good artist feels a continual compulsion to test life by exploring its extremities, as geographers are drawn to the poles or the equator. Scott and Amundsen were not comfortable on the arctic glaciers, but they achieved new perspectives not only for themselves but for stay-at-homes in the temperate zones.

The purloining of shirts would not, I think, be one of Thomas's more daring excursions out of suburban living, though it may have been a useful experience in the farce of property. To be an unconventional house-guest in the home of people he hardly knew could not have engaged much more than his sense of fun. To be a husband, however, is an occupation more serious than being a house-guest; and it offers a much more serious challenge to the moral explorer. Yet a poet must explore if it kills him, regardless of the suffering caused to himself and his real companions. Caitlin Thomas,

the poet's wife, was certainly one of his real companions, as her foreword to Brinnin's book attests. In a page inserted "at her request" she describes Brinnin as "a man . . . who is far too cautious of the laws of libel to say plainly what can only be read between the lines." (If her style in this brief note is a fair sample we shall be indebted to Brinnin at least for provoking more of it; for she announces her intention of writing some sort of reply on behalf of her husband and herself.) At any rate, she is the living victim of Brinnin's intrusion (through this book) into that most delicate of moral experiments, a poet's marriage. She has been treated in it with the same naive assumption of insight, the same lack of real feeling, the same cruel lack of real knowledge, that Brinnin brings to his writing on her husband. His New England sense of shame is brought to blush-heat by her jealousy of certain tour-met-by-owl-light American women. (The latter are darkly referred to by what one hopes are fictitious first names.) My dear! As if people didn't have affairs every day of the week!

Perhaps they do, even in backward Wales; but perhaps not quite with the cafeteria casualness of New York or Connecticut. Stealing of shirts will not do; but borrowing of husbands should be met (for Heaven's sake!) with a little *sang-froid*!

Writing about John Malcolm Brinnin's *Dylan Thomas in America* is quite as unpleasant an experience as reading it. Yet it is too serious a breach of taste to be ignored. I hope it will be widely read and understood, even though the author should grow rich on royalties. For this also is a moral adventure, into the supremely trivial, the supremely pretentious, the supremely petty and inane. There is nothing in the book to be learned of Thomas, but a great deal to be learned of Brinnin; and these virtues of our age and continent deserve to be exposed thus in epitome.

Alan Brown.

DOWN THE LONG TABLE: Earle Birney; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 298; \$4.50.

In his second novel Mr. Birney has again demonstrated his ability to give life and color to newspaper headlines. Where *Turvey* dealt with the Canadian army in wartime, *Down the Long Table* is both postwar and prewar: its current setting is a McCarthy-type investigation, but its roots are in the depressed 'thirties. In the first chapter Gordon Saunders, a middle-aged English professor, formerly Canadian but now teaching in an American university, is questioned by a Congressional committee about certain episodes that happened during 1932 and 1933. The rest of the book details the events of those years.

At twenty-seven, Saunders, then a junior instructor in a Utah college, is returning to Toronto for a one-year post-graduate fellowship. A complicated love affair with a colleague's wife and a somewhat heated parting interview with the head of his department throw him into an emotional turmoil which is partly responsible for landing him in a Communist-controlled "Social Problems Club" at the University of Toronto. After clashing with the doctrinaire leaders, he lands next in a Trotskyite group where he is more warmly received. He is persuaded to go to Vancouver to organize a group there, and becomes involved in the unemployed riots. When one of his companions kills another for selling out to the police, he is shocked back to the academic life.

In bare outline the story seems unbelievable and faintly ridiculous, but Birney has managed to clothe its bare bones with so much realistic detail that they take on the form of life. Whether he is describing the academic cloisters of Salt Lake City, the formula-ridden meetings of Communist-fronts, or the grim techniques of riding the rods, he makes

his incidents so vivid that we can see and hear them. The feeling of reality is enhanced by interspersed pages of extracts from newspapers of the troubled 'thirties, and the somewhat complicated structure makes it possible for the events to be interpreted through the mind of both the then-present and the now backward-glancing Saunders.

Birney's gift for satire which had free rein in *Turvey* is here more restrained, although he lets it loose on the Communist rigidities and the fractional splits of the Trotskyite left. There are frequent flashes of humor (as when Saunders, asked if he is a member of any international organization, confesses that he belongs to the United Nations Society), and the vivid turn of phrases constantly reminds us that Birney is also a poet. But the chief merit of the novel is that it makes Saunders a believable and even likable human being in spite of the foolish and embarrassing straits he gets himself into. He was confused, but he was also intelligent and well intentioned, and his search for a personal philosophy amid the unemployed jungles is a stimulating and sometimes moving pilgrimage. The questions raised are not fully answered, but unlike many ex-radicals, Saunders does not join the ranks of the conservatives. In the beginning (which is also the end) he sets forth his current creed: he feels that it is a teacher's duty to teach his students to think, and that it is worth working for "a peaceful federation of all countries whose citizens will owe their first loyalty to the world."

Edith Fowke.

QUEENS AND OTHERS: I. Sutherland Groom; Ryerson Poetry Chapbook No. 156; pp. 16; \$1.00.

COMPASS READING and others: Goodridge MacDonald; Ryerson Poetry Chapbook No. 158; pp. 11; \$1.00.

Many of the qualities of good academic verse, such as dignity, balance, detachment, are present in *Queens and Others*: the most valuable ones—translucency, universality—are not. Without them, unfortunately, this type of verse inevitably becomes strained, flat, and unmemorable. A line like "Snow-clad, snow-bound, remote, aloof, alone" ("Emily Bronte") almost persuades one that the sonnet is a dead form; and a view of life or literature that sees the author of *Wuthering Heights* as accessible only to "the mild and meek" invites criticism. The effects that Mr. Groom's poetic commands all depend on remoteness, and pursuit of this quality often drives his object altogether out of sight. For example, the brass bowl praised in the second poem for being as well able to dispense God's wine as a golden one, is so by virtue of its total inadequacy, i.e., it overflows; evidently a tin sieve would also have served the purpose. The logical connections in these poems are frequently not strict enough to bear close examination, and that constitutes a major flaw. There is no pleasure in being humorous at the expense of a writer of this kind, but it is precisely to such treatment that he lays himself open. The weakness isn't in his aims, which are not unlike, say, those of Matthew Arnold; but you cannot produce a poem like "Dover Beach" or even "The Forsaken Merman" on the assumption that poetic quality is an effect of diction and cadence. It may, however, be conceded that Mr. Groom has invested the figure of Lady Jane Grey with a genuine pathos.

*Compass Reading* is a more interesting book. Mr. MacDonald's visual world has demonstrable connections with that of Canadian poets like A. J. M. Smith; that is, his sight is both clear and trained to the experience of texture and form. Hence his poems are more direct and more solidly based than Mr. Groom's. Curiously, his tone becomes falsest in that one of his poems that is the most personal in intention: "When Spring Comes Back" at the end of the book, whose diction and rhythm combine against the impression of sensitivity and intelligence built up by the rest of the book.

The collection's whole effect would have been stronger if he had begun with that (or better, dropped it) and ended with the title poem. "Compass Reading" is an ambitious piece on the difficult but relevant and fertile subject of Canadian communications and the search for the "north of spirit, north of arts." Between this perhaps unattainable north and the sodden lyric with which Mr. MacDonald concludes fall several attractive and well-controlled poems, notably "Equestrians in the Spring Night," with its strong sense of Montreal, "By St. Margaret's Bay," and "Epithalamium." J.M.

SWIFT AND THE CHURCH OF IRELAND: Louis A. Landa; Oxford; pp. 206; \$4.25.

Professor Landa's book is an admirable assessment of Swift's relations as priest and prebendary, and finally as Dean of St. Patrick's, with the temporal interests of the Church of England Establishment in Ireland. With thorough documentation, much of it drawn from new sources, it serves to underline Swift's primary consideration throughout his eminent career as a Churchman — to protect the best interests of the Church against the designs of party faction within Church and State. Further, it provides almost irrefutable proof of Swift's continuous allegiance to the Establishment which he so ably represented in Ireland, and of his determination to subordinate personal ambition and hope for preferment to the maintenance of the Church's temporal power. Professor Landa presents a lively account of contemporary ecclesiastical, political, and economic upheavals as a background for the Dean's participation in the temporal life of the Church in Ireland, from 1695 when he was appointed to the prebend of Kilroot until his retirement in 1742.

It is not the purpose of the author to analyse the spiritual or doctrinal side of Swift's career in the Irish Church. According to the publishers, the book is "a portrait of the clerical Swift purely in his temporal capacity, quite apart from his religious ideas or faith." Such an exclusion is unfortunate in view of the little that we have on the subject of Swift's theology and his place in the tradition of Anglicanism. It is generally conceded that his interests in the Church were more on the temporal than on the spiritual side; but an assessment of his position on the dogmatic questions that agitated the English and Irish clergy of his day would be a valuable addition to current scholarship. As it is, *Swift and the Church of Ireland* is an authoritative account, reasonably stated and admirably executed, of the part played by Swift in the secular affairs of the Anglican Church in Ireland. George Falle.

A DESCRIPTION OF MILLENIUM HALL: Sarah Scott (ed. W. M. Crittenden); Bookman Associates; New York; pp. 200; \$4.00 (U.S.A.).

This is the first edition since the eighteenth century of a once popular novel. As its original title-page suggests, its aim was, like that of so many doctrinaire novels of its period, to "excite in the Reader proper Sentiments of Humanity, and lead the Mind to the Love of Virtue." As the modern reader's eyes wander over the detailed execution of this aim, he will scarcely be able to refrain altogether from the kind of supercilious smile, with which one almost invariably reacts, whether wisely or unwisely, to the second-class literature of our grandmothers.

But if he reads on, he may be persuaded, as I myself have been reluctantly, that this novel was worth while resurrecting. Its form and some of its content, to be sure, are unpromising — so much so as to make the work unnecessary even to the student of the history of the novel. Five biographies of eighteenth century females, all very virtuous and humane and "tragic" enough to permit for a liberal dose of pathos,



these biographies are tied together by an awkward framework and brief links of dialogue. Yet Mrs. Scott had a narrative gift, and her biographies read surprisingly well. The book's real interest for us, however, lies in its account of the education of women, rich and poor. On this subject, her lifelong interest, Mrs. Scott expresses some very sane ideas. The men, of course, do not fare so well, on the whole. But nor do they in Jane Austen, whom I want to read again after this.

The preface is depressingly pedantic; its style inferior to Sarah Scott's. Here is a sample of hers: "The cleanliness and neatness of the young women thus employed, rendered them a more pleasing subject for Lamont's contemplation than anything we had yet seen; in them we beheld rural simplicity, without any of those marks of poverty and boorish rusticity, which would have spoilt the pastoral air of the scene around us."

F. David Hoeniger.

**THE MOTH AND THE STAR:** Aileen Pippett; Little, Brown and Company (Canada) Limited; pp. 368; \$5.75.

Writers abandoned greatness when they gave up their anonymity. Just as documentation diminishes history and will destroy it, so document biography diminishes the writer, and the definitive biography—in so far as it establishes its claim—disposes of him altogether. Aileen Pippett's biography has brought Virginia Woolf back from the edge of the abyss—where she performed wonders—into the friendly circle again, where she can be petted and defended and made to take sides.

Virginia Woolf was the most personal of English writers and her style is therefore inimitable; without her own high tension it slackens into sentimentality. *The Moth and the Star* presents a personal impression of Virginia Woolf as she would have done it herself, calling up glimpses of her at her standing desk or among her friends, describing the weather, London, Rodmell, giving hundreds of quotations from her diary and letters and many intimate touches from the recollections of those who knew her. For some reason it also gives summaries of her most important books. It is skillfully done; the texture of the writing is fine, except for a few lapses into cuteness, but it portrays for us a Virginia Woolf reduced in stature and sentimentalized. It is a nice book, however: it doesn't pretend to be definitive and it avoids the swamp land of psychological conjecture. It is beautifully published too.

Virginia Woolf invited biography. Her approach to life and literature was biographical. She was also impressionistic, and what she has been given here is an impressionistic biography which is very good in its way; many small details are filled in and she and her world are brought to life. It is a kindly and sensitive book, though its gentleness is protective and therefore somewhat patronizing. Many intelligent readers will take pleasure in it.

George Johnston.

**PURITANISM IN OLD AND NEW ENGLAND:** Alan Simpson; University of Toronto Press (University of Chicago Press); pp. 126; \$3.00.

Dr. Simpson, who is associate professor of English History at the University of Chicago, has written a book which is commendable for its conciseness, the broad sweep and penetrating depth of its judgments, and the general accuracy of its presentation. Forswearing the economic interpretations of Hill, Tawney, Wertenbaker (and, by implication, Weber), he makes use of those who have come to the study of religious history with literary interests. He is in sympathy with the work of Perry Miller, A. S. P. Woodhouse, and, it would appear, of William Haller, but he avoids some of the more egregious blunders of V. L. Parrington. He also avoids in general, the lack of precision of those who have come to

the study of Puritanism with more general philosophical and cultural interests and from delineating "the Puritan mind" have sought to trace its progress from Puritanism to democracy. This is a most welcome sign.

Yet he is not without his ancestors, and disengagingly admits that he stands in the line of interpretation stretching back to "Hume, Macaulay, and Guizot" (p. vii). While, within the terms of the Walgreen Lectureship, he is concerned with "the impact of Puritanism on English and American institutions" (p. vii), he treats the whole phenomenon as essentially "a species of enthusiasm" (p. vii). This defines both his merits and limitations. For while, in intention, he rightly seeks to give a religious interpretation of an essentially religious phenomenon, he nowhere defines or describes what he means by "enthusiasm"; he neglects historical consideration of the word and concept and their uses; and he assumes an eighteenth century pejorative sense. While rightly regarding the centre of Puritanism as lying in the experience of conversion, he regards this as being more a matter of the "heart than the head" (p. 106). He notes the increasing separation between "intellect and emotion" and the Puritan and "the religious organization of his society," and traces both of these to a fundamental weakness in the original determinative experience itself. Professor Simpson has put his finger on the two key problems, but, unfortunately, he has not done more. Not unaware of the great Puritan scholastics he has not profited from their discussions of "heart and head." Mildly critical of Perry Miller's interpretations (though not for the right reasons), he has not only sought to minimize the intellectual content of Puritanism on its philosophical side, but has almost wholly omitted any consideration of the theological background of the movement. Puritanism was from first to last essentially a theological movement, and its asserted *raison d'être* a specifically theological one. When the philosophical and theological heritage of Puritanism is taken seriously a new era of interpretation, long overdue, will begin. Dr. Simpson's excellent little study is thus most weak at the most crucial point. His whole discussion of the intellectual side of Puritanism is lacking in precision, and one-sided, if not erroneous, in many of its judgments. The positive contributions of Puritanism to all fields, theology, philosophy, science, and the arts is much stronger than he allows. Scholes, Dowden, Legouis, Basil Willey long ago disproved many of his contentions. And as for the portraits of the Puritans, has he ever studied the face of Jonathan Edwards? On p. 112, "its" should read "it."

William S. Morris.

**BIBLICAL RELIGION AND THE SEARCH FOR ULTIMATE REALITY:** Paul Tillich; University of Toronto Press (University of Chicago Press); pp. 85; \$2.25.

In this "slightly extended version" of the James W. Richard lectures, delivered at the University of Virginia in the fall of 1951, Paul Tillich develops further the central theme of his thought and writings—the relation between philosophy and theology. He states in the preface to the book that the philosophical language which he uses in his theological work is often critically contrasted with the concrete imagery of the biblical language. Accepting the challenge of this criticism he seeks to show in these lectures that each of the biblical symbols drives inescapably to an ontological question and that the answers given by theology to such questions necessarily contain ontological elements.

The author realizes that this attempt at a synthesis between biblical religion and philosophy will please neither modern philosophers nor biblical theologians of the neo-orthodox persuasion. The former will be severely critical of his interest in ontology whereas the latter will question his interest in "religion." In anticipation of such criticisms Tillich states that philosophy rightly understood is, and

always will be, Ontology, man's rational attempt to grasp being as such, a human search for ultimate reality. He seeks to show how logical positivism, linguistic analysis and pragmatism all share ontological presuppositions which give to them, despite protests to the contrary, an ontological character. He accuses the neo-orthodox theologians of not taking seriously the fact that the self-disclosure of God to which biblical symbols bear witness is always received by men who have been culturally conditioned, in thought and language, by philosophy. Biblical religion, therefore, stands for two things: divine revelation and human reception.

After having established through such arguments the fact that philosophy rightly understood is essentially a search for ultimate reality and that biblical religion is man's attempt to grasp revelation in terms of meaningful symbols, Tillich proceeds to demonstrate the profound interdependence of the two. He expresses his conclusion in the statement: "Against Pascal I say: The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and the God of the philosophers is the same God."

As with other works of Tillich the argument is too close-knit for tracing even in outline. To prove his point he seeks at first to draw the sharpest contrast between what is said of God in biblical symbols on the one hand and in ontological concepts on the other, and between the subjective attitudes of the philosopher and the believing theologian. It is in the "personalism" of biblical religion and the impersonalism of ontology that the author finds the most serious conflict between the two and on which all attempts at synthesis seem to founder. But the key to reconciliation is found in the relation between faith and doubt in philosopher and theologian. "The philosopher has not and has; the believer has and has not. This is the basis on which ontology and biblical religion find one another." Working with this subjective principle the author retraces the steps of his analysis to show that what the philosopher and the theologian say concerning ultimate reality have many elements in common.

It is generally recognized that Tillich is one of the most creative of contemporary Protestant theologians. He is also for many one of the most disturbing. Searching questions will be raised concerning the arguments and conclusions of this most recent book. It will take much to persuade some that Tillich has not reconciled the God of biblical religion with the God of the philosopher at the cost of the capitulation of the former to the latter. They will raise the question whether the author has not distorted the witness of the biblical symbols to God by wringing from them philosophical answers to philosophical questions and whether he has not concluded with an ontological monism too reminiscent of Hegel for comfort.

William O. Fennell.

MAN'S EMERGING MIND: N. J. Berrill; Dodd Mead; pp. 308; \$4.50.

The author, an F.R.S. and a McGill professor, gives a pleasant account of the development of the human mind as judged by implements and skulls that have turned up. It is written in a discursive style and richly orchestrated with *obiter dicta*. Ever since the fish *coelacanth* was captured three years ago, and found to be exactly as documented by paleontologists who believed it to have been extinct for three hundred million years, no one can really doubt that fossil remains talk to us with all the authority we expect of Science.

Only a small collection of bones chart pre-human history, to the end of the third glacial period, following which, in tundra, steppe and forest, man suddenly began to move. Neanderthal man, the first human (but not sapiens, the wise one) arrived fifty to one hundred thousand years ago. He made weapons and tools of flint, lived in caves, and used fire. He was short, heavy-muscled, beetle-browed, with a retreating forehead but a large brain. Where the caves per-

mitted it he lived in small communities, and could talk. He buried his dead in stylized fashion, as if he believed in an after life, leaving with them food and stone tools. Bodies were buried in the extreme flexed position of a man squatting asleep.

When the fourth ice age came Neanderthal man couldn't cope with it, and became extinct. His cousin *homo sapiens* in warmer climates took over and rapidly began to change. He shaped bones with flints, and drew pictures with important diagnostic details like the cloven hoof of the ox and the deer.

At the time of the fourth and last melting, things began to happen fast. Stone age hunters spread to the ends of the earth. They fashioned an axe of stone ground to a fine edge and mounted on a wooden shaft. It could cut down trees and build houses. These humans are similar to the present European stock, judging by their survivors, the Aborigines of Australia.

The fourth glacier reached Wisconsin between nine and ten thousand B.C. In the southern tip of Chile there is a cave with human bones and buried animal bones that date to about 6500 B.C. in Europe, a cave with paintings contains charcoal that dates to 9000 B.C., which time limits the glacier's advance into Europe.

Sheer genius went into the creation of animal and agricultural husbandry at that time: just stop and think about it!

We are still in the process of the great warming up that followed the retreat of the last glacier ten thousand years ago. If it continues the ice-caps of Greenland will melt and flood London and New York, and Canadian real-estate will go up in value. Equally possible is a return of the ice-age, and human habitations will crowd toward the Equator.

In the meanwhile man has become a sort of cancer on this planet, multiplying as long as there is food, and ruthlessly starving or eating the other inhabitants. In Puerto Rico, for example, the congestion is appalling, and in India and Japan it is acute. Soon saturation will be universal, and human beings will have to adopt birth control. Everywhere religion professes to be a practical way of life; it will give its sanction.

This book illustrates that the culture of biology is as rich as any of the humanities. Embittered intellectuals musing over the Itness of the What, attempting with words to Un-screw the Unscrutable may deny this, but, in the vanguard of unreason, they fight a losing battle. More than poetry, yes, more than music, the universal appeal of Science indicates that the multitudinous races of man are really one.

A tactful author of a popular scientific book tries to include something naive about dancing, weaving, painting, pottery, sculpture and similar bourgeois bric-a-brac, as a gesture to the genre, to put them *en rapport*. An embittered intellectual, and an Oxford don will feel good to see on p. 91 "the even *tenure* of their ways." A Fuller brush man couldn't have done it better.

I like this book, and would be proud to have written it. As it is, I propose to browse through it frequently.

J. Markowitz.

REFLECTIONS OF A PHYSICIST: P. W. Bridgman; Philosophical Library; pp. 576; \$6.00. (U.S.A.)

The unifying theme in this collection of essays on the philosophy of Physics is the concept of operational analysis first propounded by the author in *The Logic of Modern Physics* (The Macmillan Company, New York, 1927). Professor Bridgman's thesis is that the meaning of a term must be sought by analyzing the operations, physical or mental, which are performed in applying the term to concrete situations. For example, if we analyze the operations used in applying the term length, or in measuring a specified length, we find that in different situations quite different operations are used. The operations involved in measuring the length

of a material object with a metre stick are quite different from those used in measuring the distance between two stars. The experience of the relativistic and quantum mechanical revolutions in modern physics makes it very clear that it is not safe to assume that these two concepts of length are identical. Thus the length of an object in motion relative to an observer may be measured from an instantaneous photograph but the length so measured will not be the same as that obtained by an observer attached to the moving object and measuring it with a metre stick. Hence if two distinct sets of operations are associated with a term, that term is being used with two meanings which must not be assumed to be identical until proved so.

This operational point of view is expanded and applied to many situations in modern physics. Similar methods are applied in a group of nine essays dealing with various social implications of science in general. This section of the book will perhaps be of most interest to the non-scientific reader although all the essays are non-technical in character. Ten new essays have been added since the first edition of the book appeared in 1950.

D. C. Murdoch.

#### TARIFF PROCEDURES AND TRADE BARRIERS:

G. A. Elliott; University of Toronto Press; pp. vii + 293; \$5.95.

This is a judicious, detailed study by an eminent Canadian economist of the impediments placed by the administration of customs regulations, as distinct from the payment of import duties themselves, in the way of imports into Canada from the rest of the world and into the United States from Canada. When goods are imported, documents must be provided, the value for duty purposes must be determined, the tariff classification into which the goods fall must be decided, and other requirements such as marks of origin or health regulations must be met. These steps inevitably involve costs of administration, but they may also, through accident or design, bring such delay, uncertainty, litigation, and penalties as to form a more formidable instrument of protection than the tariff itself.

During past years much has been written on the restrictive administrative practices of the United States, but no general account of Canadian practices existed until the publication of this book. That Canada is less important to foreign exporters as a market and to foreign governments as a source of hard currency partly explains this different emphasis; that Canadian practices are, on the whole, much less restrictive also partly explains it. The Canadian "horrible examples" used for illustration by Professor Elliott date principally from the 1930s, whereas the present supplies most of his needs for the United States. The snares and chicaneries placed in the path of imports by the United States originate in part in Congressional jealousy of the executive in tariff matters. Detailed laws leave little avenue for administrative decision and give predominance to judicial interpretation with its attendant cost, delay, and uncertainty. Parliamentary government and large majorities in Canada have made for greater administrative discretion, flexibility, and the fulfilment of international obligations under the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. But "How far should immediate certainty be sacrificed to ultimate justice?" (p.85)

This book concludes with a suggestive essay which draws together similarities and differences in the history and structure of the United States and Canada to explain their policies of protection. It is a concise treatment of complex factors in the high tradition of Canadian economic history and it will be of interest to the general reader of an otherwise specialized work.

"... duty is to be calculated and collected on the final appraised value; and not, as formerly, on the higher of appraised value or entered value." (p. 171) "... duty shall be levied on the basis of entered value or appraised value whichever is the larger ..." (p. 179) This conflict and some other evidence of revision to keep the book up to date during publication does not so much detract from the excellence of the study as indicate that this reviewer was sufficiently engrossed to read it with care.

Harry C. Eastman.

#### NATURAL RESOURCES: THE ECONOMICS OF CON-

SERVATION: Anthony Scott; University of Toronto Press (Canadian Studies in Economics, edited by V. Bladen); pp. 184; \$3.25.

This book has been prepared from a Ph.D. thesis. It must have been a superlatively good thesis, since the book is both readable and a genuine contribution to knowledge. The book begins with a statement of the problem, continues with a succinct statement of the Austrian theory of capital which is shown to be the appropriate economic theory relevant to the discussion of the problem of conservation, and continues with an empirical study of conservation policies in Europe and North America. The second half of the book is concerned with the evaluation of policy. Its outline is best expressed by the author:

"We can, I think, classify under three headings the conservationist objections to leaving decisions about resource use to the individual.

"In the first place, the conservationist believes that the maximum social benefit is not achieved by each individual's maximizing his private benefit, because there are certain social benefits to be derived from conservation which are not appreciable to the individual business.

"Secondly, the conservationist argues that the laissez-faire theory of resource use is inapplicable. The conservationist may accept the assertion that the maximum benefit for the greatest number will emerge from the profit-maximizing efforts of entrepreneurs in *perfect competition*, but argue that it should not be carried over to a real world in which there are ubiquitous elements of ignorance, risk, and monopoly.

"The final conservationist objection to individual management is that the going rate of interest, as determined by the market, is 'myopic,' or short-sighted, and is not the best rate of interest from a 'social' point of view. The correct social rate of interest would be lower than the market rate at present determined, and would induce more owners to conserve their resources than is now the case."

It is the purpose of the chapters of this part to examine these political and social motives for conservation.

That the author's point of departure — orthodox capital theory—prejudices his arguments against socialist notions of conservation will, no doubt, be felt by some readers. If so, the judgment will be unfair. Mr. Scott writes with great maturity and balance of judgment. The economic arguments in favor of resource exploitation according to market laws are held always under the scrutiny of one who is aware of political and social considerations as well. Similarly, as a corrective to dogmatic thinking, the relevance and significance of the orthodox economic position is given fair treatment.

It is only fair to add that this book is not for the general reader. While it is too well written to be regarded as purely technical, it does assume a very considerable knowledge of economics on the part of the reader.

I feel that the above comments do far less than justice to the technical excellence of this book. It is surely one of the best examples that we have of the application of a most abstract theory — the theory of capital — to the practical



problems of policy of a most urgent sort. If the lay reader is to be warned against a book which he may find formidable in its array of technical apparatus, the author is to be warmly commended on a very real contribution to the advance of knowledge.

B. S. Keirstead

**TIME FOR LIVING:** George Soule; Macmillan; pp. 184; \$3.50.

"Man's chief desire is to escape from himself—said Dr. Nordhoff at the unveiling of the millionth Volkswagen — and work gives that escape." Mr. Soule's book is a negative sermon on this text. If the current rate of growth in American productivity is maintained, within a generation goods and services will cease to be scarce. The evident and ever-increasing desire for leisure, or "unpaid time" as Mr. Soule prefers to call it, will save semi-skilled mass-production workers and, one might add, professional economists, from technological unemployment. On the other hand, work will no longer provide the means whereby a "democratic leisure class" can get rid of itself. Other ways must be found to keep it out of mischief. Mr. Soule strongly recommends do-it-yourself kits, music, art, sports, children, travel and books, not necessarily in this order. Innocent hobbies and a healthy interest in politics and co-operative community ventures, will keep the mass plutocracy on the straight and narrow. The craving to take off for a dangerous dreamland will vanish along with Dr. Nordhoff's escape hatch. It all may very well be as Mr. Soule says, but, in the opinion of this reviewer, the prophets of scarcity ought not try to adjust to the age of plenty by writing Utopias, no matter how jolly.

S. S.

**BEHIND THE PICTURE WINDOW:** Bernard Rudofsky; Oxford; pp. 201; \$4.50.

"... a sober inspection of our domestic habits and their precipitate, the habitation..."

In the author's words, this is "neither a How To book nor a textbook for captive students." And, we might add, in whatever spirit the inspection was undertaken, the results of that inspection were apparently not conducive to unrelieved sobriety.

"Industrial man" has lost his instinct for good living, and has therefore come to be at the mercy of all the fads, fancies and conventions of modern life. The "modern" house embodies unquestioningly certain limiting ideas of the function of various parts of the house, thereby stultifying the life lived within the house. Mr. Rudofsky's book is largely concerned with the failure of the inmates who have produced the "modern" house.

The author delves indiscriminately into all periods of history to find precedent for the flouting of present conventions of domestic living. At times the extraordinary array of bizarre historical information (copiously illustrated), and the clever text become wearying to the point of irritation. In spite of the author's warning that the book abounds with what may seem like irrelevancies to "readers with limited interests," the space devoted, for instance, to the barbaric custom of serving and carving whole roasts of meat at table appear excessive to one who is neither a vegetarian nor a heavy eater of meat. Such an attitude, however, is carping and small when one considers the scope and purpose of the book and positive vistas of development are opened up by passages suggesting that the bath, for instance, be treated as something more than a necessary hygienic performance, and that the garden even in northern climates can be treated so that it becomes in reality a living area even in quite cold weather.

Kitchen, bathroom, bedroom, living-room and garden, as well as our habits of sitting, sleeping, eating and bathing—all come under the author's scrutiny; although: as he states,

such questionings "may appear sacrilegious to the devout," since the American house has become a solemn shrine for the American Way of Life, canonization (of the house) is only a manner of time, "and it may soon be too late to reflect on its myths with impunity."

Howard Chapman

**THE CRISIS OF THE MIDDLE CLASS:** Henry Grayson; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 172; \$3.50.

Mr. Grayson's book is an example of what K. R. Popper would call the poverty of historicism. He has constructed a theory of social change and then sought to support it from somewhat flimsy historical data. Two conflicting notions appear tangled in his scheme. One is a cyclical view of social change, the birth, growth and decay of civilizations, and the other the idea of progress, the movement through a series of stages to an ethically superior type of social life. A theory of progress seems to be implicit in the use of such terms of value as "higher" levels of culture. If a higher level of culture is merely the prelude to a society's decay it is difficult to see that it has any value. If, furthermore, a cyclical theory of history is correct it would seem futile to entertain ideas of how the cycle of decay might be broken in our epoch.

It appears to be Mr. Grayson's thesis that the cycle can be broken by the retention of conditions which make for a flourishing middle class. The middle class he curiously defines as those individualists who want to improve their positions in the social hierarchy regardless of the position in which they might at any time be placed. A person is out of the middle class when he no longer wants to improve himself. Thus a psychological type becomes confused with a social class. In some middle classes there might be a wide distribution of individualists in the statistical sense, but this is not necessarily true of all middle classes.

Individualists are the carriers of social change because of their innovations in both instruments and ideas which undermine the old social order. Where individualism is restricted societies stagnate and decay. In this view Mr. Grayson is by no means alone, but there is evidence to the contrary that rapid material advances can be made by political dictatorships. Historical laws can always be refuted by conflicting evidence, and therefore they give weak support to the claims for a free society. Mr. Grayson's historical interpretation faces the same danger.

John Porter

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**THE DIMINISHED MIND:** Mortimer Smith; Henry Regnery; pp. 150; \$3.60.

Although the title of his book is *The Diminished Mind*, Mr. Smith leaves me with the impression that he is more scared of social and political indoctrination in the schools than he is of intellectual decline. He is quite right to be so concerned, and his discussion of this aspect of education is more moving than his discussion of the decline of learning (partly because of his own statement that, "in the long run, the aim and purpose of education is to increase man's pleasure . . .").

But his description of the decline of learning in the United States is moving enough. (I do not know whether it is accurate.) It was Mr. Smith's earlier book, *And Madly Teach*, that in part inspired Miss Neatby's *So Little for the Mind*; but none of the muck that Miss Neatby turned up needs raking as badly as the horrors that Mr. Smith reports. When, for example, a high school in Maryland will devote no less than one third of its program to the discussion of such topics as "Am I Getting My Money's Worth," "How to have a successful 'date'," and (I am still quoting) "Life Can Be Beautiful," one can only join Mr. Smith in his outrage, and ask, with him, for some critical reconsideration of that "philosophy which insists on the centrality of 'growth' in education, but steadfastly refuses to answer the question, Growth towards what?"

We may reject Mr. Smith's suggestion that the growth should be towards pleasure, preferring Truth, perhaps. We may find him overly terrified of the expansion of the welfare state and extreme in his anticipation of totalitarianism. But at least we can agree with him when he says of education (and this statement is the key to the book) that "its purpose is the improvement of persons, and only secondarily the improvement of society." *Kenneth Patrick Watson*

**AN INTRODUCTION TO JAPAN:** Herschel Webb; Oxford (Columbia University Press); pp. 130; \$3.25.

Books in English on Japan have a pedigree and a story of their own. Chamberlain's *Things Japanese*, written in 1890, is perhaps the grand sire of the line, to which all others are to some degree beholden. Chamberlain was the frail son of a British admiral who became the Professor of Japanese Philology in the University of Tokyo. Now, in spite of its readability, much that was in that book is unacceptable, partly because he understood the language better than the people and partly because it is out date. A revised version which he himself had prepared, perished in the great earthquake and fire of 1923. Thus he has had many successors.

Beside Chamberlain's book and these of more recent origin, Miss Webb's handbook of Japanalia stands as a pre-

cise, scholarly and current event (except for the discussion of political parties, where the formation of a two-party system collided with the publishers' deadline). This introduction contains a short discussion of the land and people, a most useful historical summary, some thin material on its economic life, a necessary but insufficient section on its cultural life and an admirable brief discussion on the fine arts and literature of the country. The final chapter—of six pages—is on its religion and philosophy.

Should one quarrel with the thinness of the treatment or be grateful for the clear conciseness of it all? Rather might one wish that introductions of this kind were spent, not on the size of the islands, the topography and the rainfall, but on an elementary discussion of the real ways in which Japanese-Western understanding can be improved. We badly need more elementary fact and opinion and questioning about what lies behind the Japanese character and "Geist" as we see them, say, in John Morris's "The Phoenix Cup" or in the recent UNESCO "Without the Chrysanthemum and the Sword," which tries to face the fact that Japanese culture has no real place for our concept of individualism.

Without detracting from the intrinsic value of this book, may we not protest that the information it purveys may be found elsewhere and that the information we really want could have been a project very suitable for Miss Webb or her editorial advisory board. Seven pages on geography and two on national character are surely the wrong proportions at this stage of the game. *Gordon Hawkins.*

### OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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